The Journal Of William Jefferay, Gentleman

William Jefferay and John Osborne Austin

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THE JOURNAL

OF

WILLIAM JEFFERAY,

GENTLEMAN.

BORN AT CHIDDINGLY, OLD ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1591;
DIED AT NEWPORT, NEW ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1675.

BEING

SOME ACCOUNT OF DIVERS PEOPLE, PLACES AND HAPPENINGS,
CHIEFLY IN NEW ENGLAND.

A DIARY THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

EDITED
BY
JOHN OSBORNE AUSTIN,
COMPILER OF
"THE GENEALOGICAL DICTIONARY OF RHODE ISLAND,"
"THE ROGER WILLIAMS CALENDAR," ETC., ETC.

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EDITOR'S DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN EVELYN,

THAT TRUE GENTLEMAN AND BEST

OF DIARISTS.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The always intelligent reader will perceive that no attempt is herein made to befog his understanding with the somewhat musty, if time-honored, story of an ancient manuscript, found in an oaken chest, in an old garret.

Neither has it been thought necessary to use a form of language strikingly different from the present; for, however much the seeming quaintness, it repels continuous reading, and the real difference in style of the two periods, is not so marked as often imagined.

Yet, without these customary attestations to reliability, there is here much fact, if some fancy is also interwoven. As to the seven stories told at the Seven Club, the reader must be his own judge of whether, in a more credulous age than ours, these were really told and taken in all seriousness, or whether each strove to outdo the others in marvels, as happens often in our day.

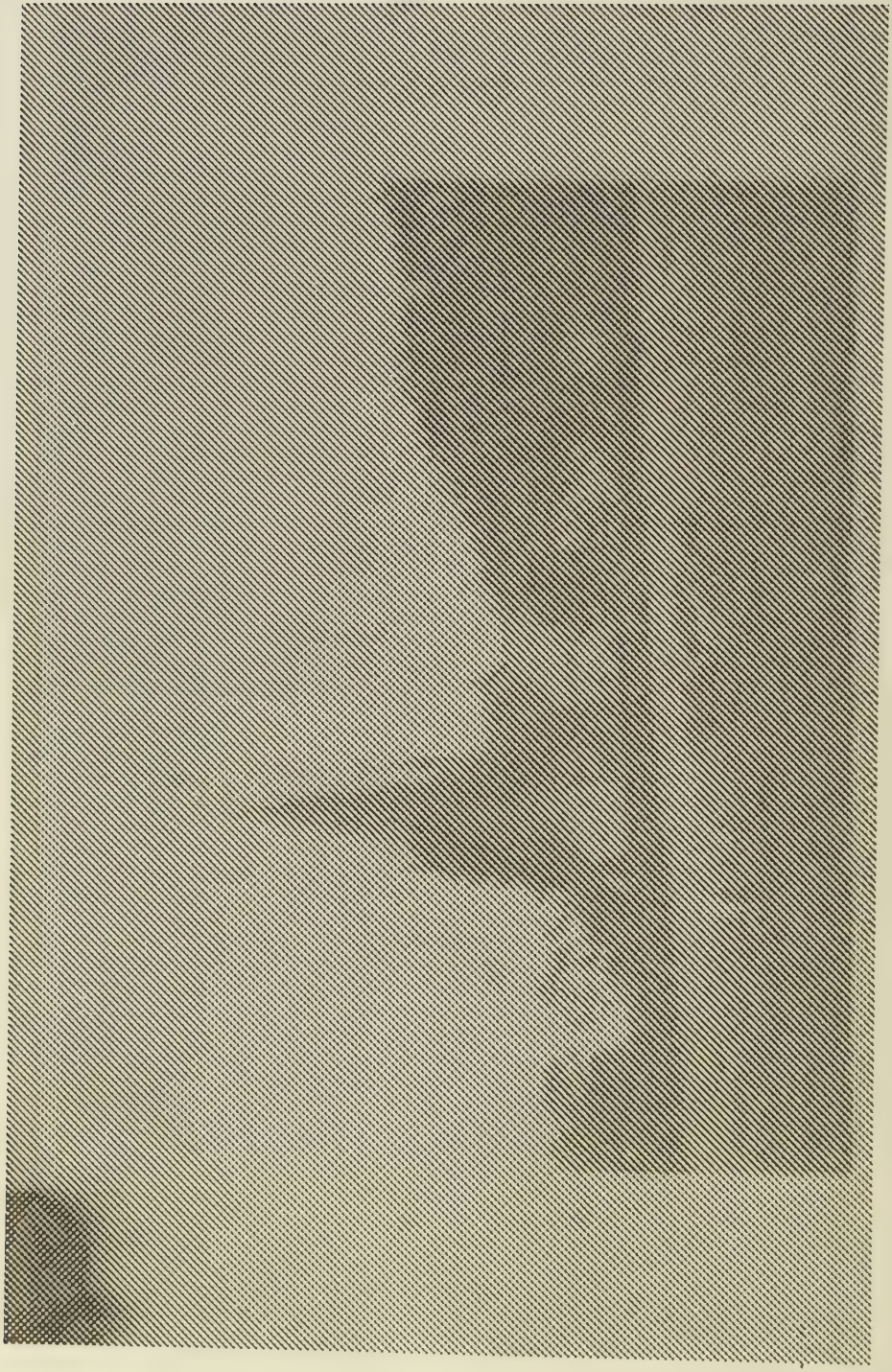
But, as to this Journal, if any should be found so doubting as to think there was no such man

as the one now edited, let him go to the house of Sergeant Bull (still standing), where Jefferay first met his wife; or, doubting yet, he may hie him to the old cemetery, and there read, while time still spares the almost gone inscription:

"Here lyeth interred the body of Wm. Jeffray Gent., who departed this life on the 2d day of Jan'y, 1675, in the 85th year of his age.

Since every tomb an epitaph can have,
The Muses owe their tribute to this grave,
And to succeeding ages recommend
His worthy name, who lived and died their friend;
Being full of days and virtues, love, and peace,
God from his troubles gave him a release,
And called him unto the celestial place,
Where happy souls view their Creator's face.
Vivit post funera Virtus"

Now shall the gentle reader, no longer doubting, read Mr. Jefferay's Journal aright, and learn, perchance, some things worth the keeping.



THE JOURNAL

OF

WILLIAM JEFFERAY, GENTLEMAN.

1591-1623.

In Old England (Chiddingly—Cambridge—London).

I was born at Chiddingly Manor (The Peaks, as we do call it), in the county of Sussex, in the year 1591; near an hundred years after the discovery of that great America, but much before settlement of the sheltered corner wherein I finally abode.

My father's family had long been seated at Chiddingly, and were ever a respectable, well-doing and well-deserving race, as I have heard ancient people say, and do verily believe it so.

My father's name was William Jefferay, and my grandfather, Thomas Jefferay, was cousin to that Sir John Jefferay, knight, some time Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who lies buried with others of the name in Chiddingly church. (Sir John died May 28th, 1570. He did build a goodly house, since called The Place.) My mother was Audry, daughter of Thomas Harvey, of London, whose brother, my great-un-

This movement came at intervals quite regular, and always with so deeply sounding a sigh as seemed almost a groan. This pitiful sound, and the movement of the tapestry as if from the mighty heaving of these sighs, did so affect him that he pulled the clothes over his head to stop both eyes and ears.

Still could he hear the noise, though fainter, finally stopping altogether; yet worse came, for anon a hand as cold as ice slowly crept adown his neck and moved back the clothes, showing to his affrighted eyes a tall, grave man, arrayed in full armour, who looked most sadly at him a moment, then shook his head slowly, and passed away with but one mighty sigh more, as if in disappointment at not finding his daughter.

As the ghost vanished it was seen that he did carry two roses in his left hand, one white, the other red; thus foretelling that peace between York and Lancaster which finally did come with King Henry the Seventh. So two things seemed to cause this walking; one, grief at the loss of an only daughter from his hearth, and the other a message of peace to come, for at his death York was in power (King Edward the Fourth being then on the throne), though I have never heard whether this poor ghost had fought for York or Lancaster in his life-time. That he did much miss his daughter when she left him for another home, 'tis true, but his grieving might well have been tempered in the thought that she had been taken to a good man's heart, who would care well for her when he was gone. Yet

walk he did, if honest witnesses are to be taken fairly in what they did declare. As to the moving of tapestry and that piteous sighing, it were possible that some freakishness of the wind acting through a crevice might occasion it, but the turning down of bedclothes by that hand so icy, and the man in full armour, unless it were but a dream, can hardly be explained, yet all have agreed there was no dreaming to it. Another appearance of this ghost is upon occasion of a full moon joining exactly with the day of his daughter's marriage. This may not happen in many years, but whenever it has come about, that night ('tis said) may the ghost surely be seen, slowly pacing back and forth in his black armour, under the bride's window, ever and anon gazing upward toward it, with face so white and grieving that those who have thus seen it in the moonlight do ever shudder in telling of it and of that deep sighing which hath (they say) an awesome sound.

Chiddingly lieth but a few miles from Hailsham and Lewes, while something farther is Wotton, where dwell the Evelyns, of justly good repute, with close beside them Leith Hill, whence is a view over several counties in much fairness of prospect, with a sight of the distant sea. Near the Evelyns are the Husseys, of Dorking, one of whom, Christopher, by name, I was yet to see again in that far off New England.

The earliest thing I do remember is of the rooks about our trees, their blackness, their solemn ways, and ever and anon their cawing,

as they flew slowly to and fro. I was put to school to various masters, at my home and near unto it, and gained enough of Latin for my entrance to the university of Cambridge.

1603. Our Most Gracious Queen, Elizabeth, died, after a reign of more than two score years, not to be matched for great men and glorious deeds. To her succeeded His Majesty King James I. It was in this same year that it was deemed wise to place me at the university, though I have since thought I was too young and ill prepared. Natheless I entered at Cambridge as sizar (July 7th) taking my degree of B. A. three years later, and meanwhile gaining more enjoyment from certain new companionships, than from my studies, with which I taxed myself not too hardly. My particular college was Caius, but except those familiar walls there was none did so affection me as that King's Chapel, which excelleth most buildings that I have known in the beauty of its inner modelling, its fanlike tracings, the roses, crowns, portcullises, and coats of arms carved in ceilings and sides, and the beautiful windows of coloured glass. But now to come back to my own college of Caius. The wise founder and master of this college, Doctor Caius (who died in 1573), did here place two fair stone gates, as also a meaner one; of curious symbolling. This low one at the entrance (the beginning of our studies) he called the Gate of Humility; the

next (across the first court) the Gate of Virtue; and the third (beyond the inner or Caius Court) the Gate of Honour, to be passed finally when degrees were taken from the University. Whenever I think upon college days, memories crowd fast of old friends (young enough then), of our walks and talks, our rows upon the gently flowing Cam betwixt wooded banks, and vastly pretty meadows, and of the plans for the future we were ever making. Few of these last proved indeed but dreams, yet would I ever have the young dream thus. Some fifteen miles from Cambridge is the fair Cathedral of Ely, which I oft did see.

1607. In this year did Thomas Legge die who succeeded Doctor Caius as master of this college.

1610. The degree of A. M. was now conferred upon me.

1611. Oct. 29. My father died; a just man and well beloved by his family and acquaintance. He was of grave demeanour, yet had a humour that lent itself well to the pastimes of his children as well as their tasks. He was ever charitable to the poor, deserving of it, and some who were not gained of his bounty. A good churchman, he was, more than ordinary for that age, fair to dissenting Puritans, though he countenanced them not.

His will was made the third day of April,

1611, and proved the 12th of December, 1612, with his son Thomas as Executor thereof, to whom he gave messuages, lands and tenements in Chittingleigh called Sanguines, with land thereunto belonging, called Bearde Haywards Downe, Mawneers Downe, and at the Peake, some threescore acres, with thirty acres adjoining called Gramyland, in the parish of Hellinglighe, all in occupation of William Smith, of Chiddingly; but if said Thomas died without male issue then to son William and his heirs forever. To son Thomas residue of goods and chattels after payment of debts and legacies. To son William £500 in hands of two drapers dwelling in Watling St., London, to be paid at expiration of his years of apprenticeship. To daughter Anne £240, in one month after marriage. To every one of daughter's children (living at time of his death) he gave £111, 6s. 8d. at age. To Mr. Bingham £111, 6s. 8d. To Susanna Sharpie, dwelling with him, £5. To William Acton one years rent of farm and a suit of apparel. To Mr. Browne 20s. To the poor of Chiddingly £5, at discretion of wife Audry, and £10 more within five years, at discretion of son Thomas. To the poor of parish of Hellingly, and parish of Hailsham 20s. To the six prisons in London, 40s amongst them, at discretion of Executor, viz.; to Newgate, Ludgate, the two Counters, the Kings Bench, and Marshallsea. To wife Audry £100 (and £1100 to dispose to daughters' children as she thinks good) and

the money, plate and jewels that did belong to her mother at her death, with half of certain household belongings, and use of other half while she dwelt and abode in said house. The plate, &c., not given to wife Audry, to go to son Thomas who had specially given unto him also, a round great salt cellar of silver and gilt, a little square trencher salt cellar of silver and gilt, a dozen of best silver spoons, three great silver bowls white and two silver tuns parcel gilt. The overseers of will were sons-in-law John Baker, of Chiddingly, and Richard Turner, of London. Witnesses Thomas Jefferay, Richard Turner, Hugh Evance.

His epitaph may be read in the old church as followeth (placed on the wall under a marble effigy of himself, wife and nine children):

"Here lyeth the body of William Jefferay, Gent. He died on the 29th of October, An Salut, 1611, ætatis suae 68. He married the daughter and heire of Tho. Harvey, Citizen and Grocer of London, by whom he had issue 2 sonnes and 7 daughters, who are all yet living. He went to the grave in a full age after he had lived in good report and kept house with his s'd wife the space of 40 yeares together in this Parish, and had seene many of his childrens' children.

Thomas Jefferay, filius y' primog' patri delecto memoriæ et observantiæ ergo posuet Ano 1612."

1618. My brother Thomas's wife Margaret died this year, leaving two daughters. My mother (soon after my father's death) removed herself and part of her family to London, where her father had left her some estate. Being restless and undecided as to my future course, after losing some years in profitless stay at London, I then fell into the company of some returned adventurers from New England. They were used to meet at the Cordelyon Inn, in the Flower de Luce, Southwark (across the London Bridge), a property owned by my mother.

The marvels which they had seen lost not much in the telling, and stirred me with a longing to sail to those distant parts. It was indeed none other than this spirit of adventure, with a thought to profit also in some trading, that brought me out of England. Many others were leaving for a freedom of worship denied them at home, but I was well content with the church as I found it, though liking not the persecutions of some churchmen upon their fellows and late friends. I have ever meant to be free from extremes of bigotry of either side, a course condemned by all zealous workers, as a lukewarm and indifferent religion, but of this I would be the judge, for a man, if wise, will justify his course only to God.

My latest lodging was at my brother-in-law Richard Turner's (draper) at the sign of the Golden Key, Watling Street (near St. Paul's). This part of London and that about the Tem-

ple are most to my liking. While awaiting my ship I did see a play of that Will Shakespeare, so lately dead. Truly he did have a pretty wit, and perchance play writers and players will sometime have more repute than now, being in general held but in low esteem.

I have made mention of the Cordelyon Inn, or ale house, in the Flower de Luce, but there be others in Southwark larger, and of more note, that I had some acquaintance of. The Flower de Luce Inn, itself, was one, but greater and more to my liking was the Tabard Inn, wherefrom old Chaucer's Pilgrims did set forth to Canterbury. I do much like his tales thereof, and have before now been that same road that he maketh them to travel.

Next to Chiddingly, I do affection Southwark, which is verily almost a part of London (having only the bridge to bar it off) and yet hath in itself some particular merit.

The old Abbot of Battle (which abbey was founded by the Conqueror) did here at Southwark have a sort of town house beside, with his gardens, maze and whatever else might delight him, for not all those monks and abbots did too much mortify the flesh then, however it may be since. These fair gardens and the abbot's house have long since gone, and the maze remaineth but as a name, though I have been able to make out some of the old landmarks, having always a curious interest in such like matters. St. Saviour's Church at Southwark I did mostly attend. Before leav-

ing my native land I would fain see once again that dear Chiddingly, and upon this occasion did ride there a few days before sailing. It is but some fifty miles from London and in two days time I had reached my old home, being welcomed most heartily by my brother Thomas, who liveth there in good estate and much respect. He hath many fair acres in his right as first born, and I think it doth some grieve him that he hath no son to heir this goodly estate, though his daughters, Lettice and Margaret, are much comfort to him.

Before setting out on my return I called upon our near neighbors the Calverlys, at the Broad (as their estate is called), being but across the perry lands, which last my brother owns, lieing close unto his homestead of the Peaks.

The rooks do make most solemn procession daily from the Broad to the Peaks, going from us in the morning, but returning in the evening, and this hath been so from ancient times. As I neared the Calverlys I was minded by the sight of a cottage of what befell me there some years since. It was in my college days, upon occasion of a visit home, that I was dared by one of the Calverlys to stay a space, at night, in this cottage. None would live there because of the chopping of wood in the middle of the night, which though clearly heard, yet was no wood found at the door nor in the forest close by, except such as did grow. I was not to be dared in those days

and did indeed make part of a night there, not thinking to hear any chopping, for I deemed it but an idle tale. About midnight, however, I did hear (upon a sudden awakening) something that much resembled a slow chopping noise, and, truth to tell, my heart did seem to thump somewhat in time to the chopping. This inward quaking (at first) did now anger me, and I quickly dressed, and went out to find the chopper, for the noise seemed close to the house, on the edge of the wood. No one could I see, and the noise now seeming drawn into the wood a little, I followed, till getting into some black mire in the midst of the forest, and seeming to get no nearer the noise, I was forced to betake myself home again, for I stayed not longer at the cottage. As I turned from the mire there seemed a light dimly hovering on the further side where lieth a quagmire, and once as I turned me from it I heard something that sounded much like a low but hateful laugh. Some do say a woodman who long since lived in the cottage did an horrid act which causeth him ever to chop, but I believe not overmuch in spirits, though I understand not how this seeming sound of chopping could be.

I rode over to Beachy Head and to Lewes where the battle was lost by King Henry III (near Mount Harry as since called). Here also at Lewes is the old castle of the De Warrens. I even rode so far as Hastings one day, to visit Battle Abbey and the ground where the

Conqueror vanquished Harold. All these had been much favored rides of mine when a lad at home, and it was pleasant, yet sad withal, to now see them for the last time perchance. And so farewells were said and I turned me back to London, the last thing that I saw and heard being those rooks of which I have before told. Their procession seemed most dreary now and their voices pitched in a mournful note, as I departed.

1623-1650.

In New England (Massachusetts; Salem—Weymouth).

1623. Having bade farewell to my dear mother and to kindred and friends, I was soon upon the wide ocean, with a heart divided between sorrow at leaving and hope in the future. Something of the marvels wished for soon came in a fearful gale, lasting three days in the extreme peril of it, and once near causing our utter loss. Being happily delivered from this, we had now more calms than winds, and the time wore heavily with me, until another danger of a waterspout, with a like close deliverance. We soon after came upon an assembly of great whales spouting and disporting themseves, though no sea-serpents nor mermaids, as told by one of those at the Cordelyon Inn. Our last peril was the near em-

baying of us one night by a mighty mountain of ice, that only the rising of the moon did prevent, by showing the danger that was upon us. After a long passage we cast anchor nigh unto Cape Ann, where some fishing was even so early a-doing. A little later I landed at Weymouth, (as after called) and was soon upon trading and adventuring far up and down the coast; the Isles of Shoals, Ipswich, Salem, &c., but my chief stay was at Weymouth in the last of it. I gained something in my trading, fishing, bartering and the like (tho' once near wrecked upon that reef which later became poor Mr. Thatcher's woe); not needing the profit of it so much as some 'tis true, for I had brought a small estate with me.

1625. King James I did this year die, and was succeeded by his son King Charles I.

1628. I willingly gave (with Mr. Burslem) £2, towards the expense of ridding us of that Morton, of Merry Mount, who though I have known him well, has now forfeited all right to live here, by his wild and loose courses, and carousings of himself and crew. Around their May pole have they danced in drunken revelry, till now it must be stopped.

1629. Mr. Blackstone, (a minister when in England; and at Cambridge, though not of my college), did this year act as agent with me for Mr. John Gorges in matters of land.

1630. Mr. Winthrop hath arrived in the Bay with a great fleet, which bringeth many to settle among us.

1634. My mother died this year. She had lived of late in the parish of St. Austin (near St. Paul's) London, and I think at her son-in-law Richard Turner's house, sign of the Golden Key, Watling Street. I had fain hoped to see her once again, but Old England hath now still less to draw me back. She was ever a good and tender mother to me, who was, alas, but too ill contented a child, though I loved her most dearly, and trust she doth now know it. She hath left me by her will, (with other estate in Southwark) that ale house "Cordelyon" where first I heard some tales of these distant shores. This year there came to me a letter from Mr. Morton so railing at government here and at Mr. Winthrop, that it became my duty to lay it open for him to read.

1636. My brother-in-law Hugh Evans died, and left me a legacy of 10s to buy me a ring. He married my sister Audry, and was a mercer in London.

Mr. Williams hath been banished from the Bay, and it seemeth most unjustly and cruelly, for his so called offence of religious belief was but a matter for honest differing.

He hath found better friends with the wild

Indians, and is living in the wilderness at a place by him called Providence.

1637. Now hath this same Mr. Williams hearkened to the prayers of his oppressors, and prevailed with his friends the Narragansetts to hold off their hands in this bloody Pequot War, thereby saving many lives, perhaps the whole of New England. Truly a Christian act, and few would rise to it so willingly, and amidst such dangers as encompassed him in his errand, from the knives of Pequots already bloody with murders. Some would have recalled him from banishment for this great service, but the most would not have it so.

The latest news is that Captain Mason hath entirely overthrown this Pequot nation by a most signal victory at their fort in Connecticut, but few escaping with their lives. Near seven hundred killed, with their chief Sassacus.

1638. Because they would fain follow Mrs. Hutchinson's teachings instead of the other ministers' counsels, many wise men and of some worldly substance (as Mr. Coddington, &c.) must needs now give up their arms or depart from Massachusetts, which some have done who could be illy spared, and have gone to Aquidneck, where they have signed a most wise compact of government. Mrs. Hutchinson is of a good family in England, the Marburys, and by her mother, the Drydens.

Much snow this year. For five months was

the ground covered. This year also was memorable for the great earthquake, sensibly felt all through this land, a terror to many, and a warning to all of their weakness in the hands of God.

1640. I came to New England seeking wonders, and now there befell me one truly at last, that ever new befalling, the falling in love, as the saying is. It was indeed so sudden that the strangeness and sweetness of it hath never left me. It may be counted most singular by some, that I should have lived to see near fifty years ere this happening, for few in the old world, and less in the new, tarry half that time. Indeed I will confess to passing fancies, in Old England and New, for many good women have I known, and have sometimes thought one would prove my anchorage, yet it came to naught but friendship, which is another matter. But as to this happening, it thus befell; going, as had been my wont upon occasion, to Newport, I chanced to pass by Sergeant Bull's house (where also he keepeth the gaol), and meeting there a most comely maid, inquired for the house of one Jeremiah Gould. "Why that is my father sir," she saith, "and I am now going that way." They were simple words, but so prettily said, and she looked so fair and bright as she hesitated a moment if I would come with her, that, going at once, I fell into a kind of dumbness, which amazed me much, as always before of

most ready speech to either maid or dame. But knowing soon my heart (which told me that my fate, at last, had come), though I had little speech to her, yet many times, I said to myself (ere we did reach her father's), "Thou shalt go my way through life, fair maid, if love can show thee that 'tis thine." While I waited her father's coming, besides that sweetness and truth that her eyes had first shown me, I could not but observe two things (as she modestly strove to entertain me with some speech while preparing the supper). They may be homely things, but they do wear so well, and makes for so much in daily life, that I here note them;—neatness in attire however lowly her work, and a fine sense of humour. My discourse with her father (on his soon arrival then, and on later occasion when I did call upon him) was in great part on my adventurings, he having a mind to embark upon some tradings in parts where I had sailed. Now did his daughter seem to follow the story with eyes of some interest, as I told of my wanderings far and near. It was not so much of my gains and losses in barter that she cared, but of some wild race or 'scape of some great peril, and though these seemed not to me of consequence in a young maid's thoughts, yet would her pity grow at some stroke near death I suffered, and anon would her eyes dance for joy (yet dimmed a little) as I made good my deliverance. Soon was the dumbness more of hers than mine, and

the time at last came (for an age I thought it) when she did confess, on my close asking, that my way was indeed hers forever. This pretty confessing, which hath made so much of my life, was at Miantonomi Hill, a short walk north of the town, where I have often betaken me since, both for its own beauty of prospect, and more for the happiness I there found. Then arose that pretty quip on me, "Mary Gould hath become his goal," or, as one said, "his gaol;" for indeed it was by Mr. Bull's gaol I first met her, and my heart hath been in most pleasing bonds to her ever since. I had not thought to have said so much upon this matter, yet must I something, as the best part of my life hath been her love, which set me marvelling then that I should have attained it, and I marvel oft at it still. She hath indeed been my stay and comfort in all weathers, and such happiness to me here, as maketh me more sure of a happy hereafter, in God's kingdom. Her love hath been so bountiful as to admonish me to deserve it better, and cure those too many faults of mine that else might wound so gentle a spirit. She hath a pretty saying, when I do wonder at this bounty of her love; "Doled love is but fearsome love, which never held the faithless, yet robs the faithful." A most sweet doctrine for man to hear of woman, and will make for the best he containeth to deserve it. I had written thus far, when my wife cometh, and laying her hand upon my shoulder, in a gen-

tle way she hath, I asked her, most foolishly, if she would have known how much I loved her, if I had not writ it down. She answered only by a look, at first; and then said, "I knew there were not books enough, dear heart, if thou didst e'er try to write it."

My wife's thought it was that I should make this Journal, reviewing some passages of my life (though not this best part of it—our love) for posterity's behoof, if that might be.

1641. At Weymouth was I chosen Commissioner, not having removed to Newport for some space yet. I have not the desire of many for public service, though it hath been so pressed upon me sometimes that I could not in duty refuse.

1642. Mar. 20. There was born to me a daughter, and the name I gave her was Mary, as being her mother's, and so the best I have ever known. I do hope she may live to be as like her in feature and in works, as may be possible.

1643. Soldiers are sent from the Massachusetts, on pretence at first that the Warwick men (Gorton and others) did deal unjustly with the Indians; but soon, confessedly, because of their holding, in the opinion of the Bay, "blasphemous errors;" and so they are brought to Boston, placed in prison, and warned not to

preach further against state or church, on penalty of death. Surely a poor way to convert men from error, even if proved.

This harshness of Massachusetts, (though some would be more merciful could they prevail) groweth irksome to many, who even talk of leaving the Bay if it continueth. Mistress Isabel Potter, the wife of one Robert Potter, at Warwick, with other women and children, was forced to betake herself to the woods upon this assault, where she died of her hardships, as did some others in that new settled plantation. Distressful news cometh from Manhattan, where Mrs. Hutchinson and many of her household were murdered by Indians. In Connecticut, Miantonomi hath been killed by Uncas' brother, treacherously.

1644. Mr. Williams hath returned from England with a charter for his colony, and a safe conduct through Massachusetts, else would some have barred his way, though all were his debtors for service, in the late Indian troubles, at great danger to himself. He was met by his neighbours, of Providence, in fourteen canoes, at Seekonk. Truly a goodly sight, and I would I had witnessed it. He hath suffered much, and well earned the fruits of his victory.

Mr. Coddington, the Governor at Aquidneck, hath lately lost by fire, some housing, a barn, and a score of cattle, but hath large estate remaining.

The Baptists formed a church this year at Aquidneck.

1648. Mr. Gorton hath returned from England, having a letter of protection from the Earl of Warwick for his safety in passing through Boston. He and the other Agents, Mr. Greene and Mr. Holden, did two years since get from England the vindication of the rights of the Warwick settlement against the claims of the Bay. It thus seemeth that these claims of Massachusetts in her contentions with both Providence and Warwick, are proved unjust, else must she have had poor advocates in England for her cause.

1649. This year was His Majesty King Charles I. beheaded. A cruel fate for a man endeared to many more than he had wronged, and who desired not to wrong any.

About this time I bethought me to make a stable abode at Newport, where I had tarried often for brief spaces. The place did ever take hold on my affections; first for finding my wife there, and also for its fair situation and climate, security for the care of a family as to Indian troubles, and freedom in matters of religion.

Though I continue a good English Churchman, I like not the Puritan way of Massachusetts; and Plymouth too sometimes persecuteth, though not matching the hardihood of the Bay. Yet I give all honour to Mr. Brad-

ford and Mr. Winthrop, who many times have stayed the hand of persecution, when others would have helped forward the cruelties. Ere I left the Bay I saw my Old England neighbour, Mr. Hussey, and we pledged each other in a quart of good sack, for remembrance of Chiddingly and Dorking. He hath married Mr. Batchelder's daughter, many years since. Mr. Batchelder is a minister, very aged now, a man of parts, but frailties, the more unbecoming in one of his years and calling. He seemeth a man in whom blood warreth hardly with grace, yet perchance he hath conquered more than some of cooler blood have ever had to strive against, so less able to judge him fairly. Certain it is that he hath performed many good works in his day, and hath ever been bountiful with his means to suffering churches. All of which must be remembered in the summing of the man.

1650-1675.

In New England (Rhode Island; Newport).

1650. At this fair spot, none fairer in New England, am I now come to spend my remaining days, a wanderer no more, and methinks it is e'en time I tarried, being come to near three score years.

It is now, in faith, that I do commence this my Journal, all before having been but a gath-

ering of such things together as I could bethink me of; and though a late beginning, time may still serve to relate something worthy to write, if God give me the years. And first as to this island of Aquidneck, where I have at last cast anchor. It hath been compared to our own dear Isle of Wight, in Old England, and not without show of reason. Aquidneck is some twelve miles in the length of it, and hath a varying breadth of three or four. The island is well wooded and watered, with a good soil in general, and a diversity of hill and dale that is vastly pleasing to the eye. I believe the climate the most excellent to be found in New England, sweetly tempered, and healthful to a more than ordinary degree. The harbour, at Newport, is safely compassed about, of good depth, and large enough for all that may come to it in trade, with this advantage over Boston that it enters from the south instead of from the east. Next as to the people here and in the near plantations of Providence and Warwick. It hath been sometime said by enemies of this colony in Massachusetts, that those here were but a rabble, unlettered, rude, of poor estate and family, and without religion or any respect for authority. Perchance I may judge this matter the more fairly, having come of late from the Bay unto this place, and being, by no merit of my own, gently born and bred, educated at a university, with a pretty good estate, and a religion approved as sound, and

therein different from my neighbours here. Now as to the flocking here from persecution, it doth ever happen that such rigour availeth not in bettering men, but driveth away many noble minds, with some also weak and fanciful, partly come thereto by the persecutings they have suffered. If these last became outrageous in yonder colony because so driven about, they have been many times healed here and rendered seemly. So much for that rudeness, which appeareth more to lie with those who thrust out their erstwhile neighbours.

As to religion, the best evidence of it is the life a man doth lead, and your rudeness answers that. As to authority, that of God and the King is recognized here, but not of magistrates and elders as to the soul, nor ever shall be, and time shall yet decide whether your contention is right or ours.

As to men of substance in worldly goods, you have driven to us Mr. Coddington, your then richest merchant, and still of good estate except as it suffered from your act. You are like to lose Mr. Brenton also, who dwelleth much with us, and is reckoned above £10,000, and Mr. Benedict Arnold of Providence is perhaps richer than either of these. Other good estates might be named, but it were idle to take time to confute you further. As to learning, Mr. Williams, who always earneth a victory in his contentions with your most learned, Mr. Blackstone (so close upon our borders and so unwelcome to you, as to be

called one of us), and myself, were all university men at Cambridge, in Old England. At Newport, we have Mr. John Clarke, both learned and wise (which some of your learned are not), whom you have cause to know, as you have Mr. Gorton of Warwick, especially under your condemnation. Last as to family; though I do deem it the weakest claim for merit that can be put forth, yet an honourable ancestry, like wealth or learning, is an endowment of fortune, a necessity following for matching it with more good deeds. That same Mr. Gorton is of a family anciently seated at the place of like name. Mr. Arnold is late of Cheselbourne, in Dorset, and traceth to Kings, as doth Mr. Cranston of Newport, through the Earls of Crawford. So also Mr. Smith, who sold possessions in Gloucestershire, choosing to dwell near us at Wickford, and myself, here at Newport, have been esteemed as of gentle blood.

It were worse than idle to take more time in thus confuting slander, ever a fruitless task, for a slanderer hath not a mind convertible.

Now I will rightly commence by some account of life as used by us at Newport in this year of our Lord 1650. Mr. Easton is now President of the four towns, having succeeded John Smith in that office. Mr. Coddington hath lately gone to England and procured a commission as Governor of this island, which exalteth too much his rights in the purchase,

and it is feared might result in usurpation and a vacating of the Charter. This must be stayed, and Mr. John Clarke will soon be sent to London as Agent to right this and other matters, and procure a new charter. We have Mr. Clarke now for Treasurer of the four towns, Mr. Dyer for Attorney General, and Mr. Sherman, General Recorder. Mr. Clarke was the first chosen minister of the church here, in the Baptist way, and he and Mr. Cranston both practice physick. Mr. Stafford hath been miller at Newport, and if report be true, Mr. Benedict Arnold will come from Providence to dwell with us and build him here a goodly mill of stone, much like to one near his old English home. We do not lack for smiths, joiners, masons, coopers, cordwainers, nor inn keepers. Of the last, I have found Mr. Baulstone's claret and white wine the best, though he liveth apart from us, at Portsmouth. Of other liquors we have as good here. Shopkeepers we have, and some traders who adventure in sloops to the Barbadoes for exchange of goods.

Our trade with England must be through Massachusetts, or by way of the Dutch at Manhattan.

A prison have we, and stocks, and a pound. For money we must still use somewhat of peage and beaver. Angels, nobles or other gold coin are as strange to see here as they were common to be seen in my youth at Chiddingly.

Our farms yield good English hay, corn, wheat, oats, rye, barley, pease and the like, with some tobacco and flax; and orchards yield already good apples. The sea giveth us fish of many kinds in plenty, and the shores yield us shell fish and weed to dress our lands, while venison may be had by near hunting, enabling us to save somewhat of our cattle, for increase. There is considerable of horses and cattle here, already, with goats, sheep, swine, geese, turkeys and fowl. The spinning of flax and wool, and making of butter and cheese, with care of poultry, engages the time of the women, besides their cooking and mending. Some have stalls of bees, making a fine honey for which I have much liking, and believe it a most wholesome sauce. Other sauce we have not only from our apples, but in gathering from the woods and fields, in their season, strawberries and blackberries—with some other kinds. The woods about us do yield also some very good nuts, as of hickory which are kept for winter's use, and chestnuts more speedily used on their picking, and cooked by roasting or boiling. The trees serve us well in winter's cold, of which the best for fuel are hickory and oak, but maple and beech do answer well. Besides the deer I have before mentioned, there are bears, wolves, a kind of lion called panther, wild cats, beavers, otters and foxes, with very good grouse and quail, but the larger animals have mostly left this island, and must be hunted on

the main. The wolves ravage the flocks so badly that bounties are paid for their heads.

The fish most esteemed are the salmon, caught at the head of the bay (up the rivers); and here the blue-fish (a kind of mackerel but not so oily), bass, black-fish (tautog), &c. Oysters, scallops, quahaugs and small clams are also farther up the bay, though we have large sea clams on our beaches after a gale.

Our houses are yet small, though a few have good ones (with some glass from England for their windows); and our furnishings of them are not like what we used in our old homes, but much poorer. Some have, 'tis true, a little plate, with books of value, but dishes are for the most of wood or earthen, and our tables, chairs and beds but rude, save a few brought across the sea with hazard and much expense.

Of Indians, some remain on the island (since its purchase of them), and are used as servants, being tractable and well disposed; but at Narragansett is their chief hold, all peaceable now through Mr. Williams' wise course with them, they wholly trusting him, and welcoming when none else may tarry. (Massasoit in the Massachusetts, and Canonicus here, were ever friendly to the English, and Uncas of Connecticut hath been mostly so.)

As to the lands about us, we have to the eastward that Indian country Sekonit, within Plymouth bounds. Near us to the west and north are mostly islands—with one in the

ocean far to the south called Block Island. Goat Island helpeth to form an harbor, while a little further west is the great island Conanicut, so called from the wise old sachem Canonicus, whom I did once meet in some earlier travel. Coaster's Harbour Island, close to us at the north, was named by the first planters as they harboured there in coming from Portsmouth to Newport; and passing a little spot of land that William Dyer desired, it was then given him and called Dyer's Island at once by them. For this odd asking and giving (but not for the value of it), a Dyer should always hold it, methinks. Other islands that be farther north are Prudence, and Patience; to which last Mr. Williams hath sometimes said he might yet betake himself, so thinking when hard beset and wearied with vexing contentions, and longing for more peace and quiet. He hath indeed suffered much; in the old, some, but more in the new world, for his opinions, and there remain many ravels even now to straighten here; but he hath upon good foundation that which he so much desired, a colony in this far corner where those elsewhere oppressed for their beliefs, may come for refuge. He hath been called contentious by some of the Bay, and is so if that meaneth that he will ever contend with the tyranny of their church over men's souls.

Jul. 8, Monday. I have already rode and walked much over this island, and along the shore to the eastward have to-day seen some

odd fashionings of rock, in particular beyond Mr. Easton's beach, where the second, or Sachuest beach commenceth. Here is a great fissure or rent in the rocks, of which the Indians tell a story of one of their maidens, who in ancient times did flee from an unwelcome lover, and springing to go over this chasm seemeth to have cleared it well, but slipping on the farther side went headlong to the bottom. Yet was not her body found, though her brother, fast following, did kill her wicked lover, and then made search for his sister. The Indians believe that the Spirit of that place did care for her, conveying her to better realms, without sign of hurt upon her.

Aug. 3, Saturday. Took shallop for Wickford, to call upon Mr. Smith, hoping also to see Mr. Williams at Narragansett, where he sometimes tarrieth, near unto Mr. Smith. I found not only Mr. Smith and Mr. Williams there, but Mr. Blackstone, he coming often to preach, at Mr. Smith's desire. Here at Wickford, in the great Narragansett country, reaching to Connecticut bounds, hath Mr. Smith dwelt for above ten years space, none nearer him upon the main than Warwick or Pawtuxet, a score of miles away. True it is that Mr. Williams hath done some trading here, but his coming from Providence is only upon occasion. Mr. Smith being a man of no small estate, hath built at large cost a trading house, with a purpose also to propagate the gospel among the Indians. He hath large

buildings for his family and servants, and entertaineth freely any traveller who chanceth this way, for he is near that Pequot Path, which passeth from Providence through Narragansett unto Connecticut.

Mr. Williams had much discourse with me this evening upon Mr. Coddington's action regarding the charter, which displeaseth him much, and thinks to go again to England soon, with Mr. Clarke, to right it. Mr. Williams hath still the friendship of Mr. Winthrop, from whom he oft hath letters. Mr. Blackstone talked with me of old times at Cambridge, though he was not of my college nor year there.

Aug. 4, Sunday. We had to dinner a venison pasty which liked me much, as did some shell fish that Mr. Smith hath had cooked in a way learned of the Indians. These clams are placed in a pile, on stones first heated greatly, covered then with sea-weed for a space, and, when eaten, plucked by the fingers from the shell, adding only a little of salt and butter. Corn, baked also with the clams, forms part of the feast, for such it is, however simple it may seem in the telling. Cakes baked from the grinded corn are used here, as at Aquidneck.

Being Sunday, Mr. Blackstone did preach for us; and Mr. Williams read scripture and expounded thereon to satisfaction of all.

Aug. 5. Mr. Williams and Mr. Blackstone having departed for Providence, I went with

Mr. Smith to see some Indians who owed him for goods which they lately had of him, and were to pay for to-day, if called on at their village. To get there was near a half day's journey through the woods, and being arrived, after lading the skins and peage upon some of Mr. Smith's Indians, we rested for a space, smoking tobacco most gravely with some of their chief men. At Mr. Smith's desire there was a dance later of some of their young men, which was vastly entertaining to us, though both had seen something near to it before. They have their village on the shores of a great salt pond which hath an outlet to the sea. We returned to Mr. Smith's just as dusk was making.

Aug. 7. Arrived again at Newport, after a pleasant sojourn at Wickford, and much discourse of profit, with Mr. Smith, and Mr. Williams, and Mr. Blackstone.

I find I am of the older sort of planters here (near half a score years above most), only Mr. William Arnold, of Pawtuxet, and Mr. Holliman, at Warwick, exceed me that I do remember. Before this writing (some three years since) had Mr. Coggeshall of Newport died, President of the Colony ; and Mr. Brown at Providence, minister for the Baptists, and honoured much by Mr. Williams, died ere I came to this colony, as I believe. From Rehoboth comes news this year that Mr. Obadiah Holmes, Joseph Torrey, Edward Smith and others, have been presented for meeting

upon the Lord's Day from house to house. This bringeth them to live at Newport, and so are we still a haven for the oppressed.

1651. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Crandall, and Mr. John Clarke, of Newport, have been seized, for meeting at William Witter's, in Lynn, who could not come to Newport for worship, by reason of his age. Besides fines and imprisonment for all three, Mr. Holmes was also whipped. He hath escaped their hands, and will now have the ministry here which Mr. Clarke had.

Oct. 18. Soap boiling and candle making at my house to-day.

Dec. 18, Thursday. My wife's brother, Daniel Gould, was married to Wait Coggeshall, daughter to our late deceased President. It was a sober wedding enough, surely, and indeed marriage is not to be lightly entered into, but it would have been more to my liking if after there had been some mirth and merriment in Old English fashion, for joy cometh with a happy marriage. Daniel, however, hath some new scruples as to carriage on such occasion. The dinner served me well, nevertheless, with some special dishes that Mistress Coggeshall doth cunningly prepare. Mr. Baulstone, whose daughter hath married a brother of the bride, brought some of the claret of which I have before spoke, a very good vintage.

Dec. 25. Christmas hath ever been kept by

me, not only with some religious exercise, but with good cheer and merriment. To-day my wife hath roasted a fat goose and made a pudding with plums therein, which, with some tokens given, have vastly pleased both children and servants.

Dec. 31, Wednesday. I have cast up my accounts and made some compare of revenue and expense for the year, as is my custom always at the end of this month. I have no debt owing, and none that owe me, as I have ever found borrowing and lending a bar to friendship.

To the poor, of whom not many are here, I have given as my means would allow, and count it a blessing that I can. Many a poor man is perchance worthier in some things than he whose purse is heavier, and indeed one of the worst kinds of pride that groweth upon a man is that of purse.

Now goeth out the year with much to be thankful for in health, wealth sufficient, and, best of all, my dear wife and children, my latest blessings.

1652. I was chosen on a committee with three others to write a letter for Newport to Providence and Warwick.

This year here died Mr. Jeremiah Clarke. He hath left a good report, and a widow with many children she had by him. She is the faulconer Latham's daughter, he still living in Elstow, Old England, but now very aged.

She hath been twice married before, first to Lord Weston, and then to Mr. Dungan, by which last she had several children that came with her and her latest husband, Mr. Clarke, to Newport. One of her Dungan children hath married Mr. Holden, of Warwick, and another is wife to Mr. Barker of this town.

Mrs. Clarke lately desired some discourse of me touching her husband's affairs, and showed me her father's portrait, which she brought with her from England (or hath had sent her since, I know not which). There be few portraits in this place, and this hath therefore a double value. It maketh one see an old man with long white beard, high nose, and piercing eyes, still clear and strong (perchance remaining so from their use in hawking). In the corner of the canvas is displayed the coat of arms of the Lathams, early a Lancashire family as I believe.

Jul. 19, Monday. Hauled sea-weed for my meadow, recent gales having placed great mass of it upon the beach.

Oct. 24. Went a-nutting, with my wife and eldest daughter, and gathered good store of both hickory and chestnuts, though not so many trees of these last with us. The chestnuts will serve us well now, being cooked, and the hickory nuts may be cured by drying for winter, to be used then with apples and cider by our evening fire.

Am well tired this night and indeed cannot labour with such hardiness as once I did, but

need not now do more than health requireth. My garden well tilled, horse and cows cared for, with my wood to cut and draw, well sufficeth me, and the heavier work of this my servant doeth, being a hearty youth. I keep but one, not having many fields, nor desiring them now. My wife requireth but one maid to help her within the house.

With labour done, the pastimes here used are mostly hunting and fishing, which provide both entertainment and the furnishing forth of our tables in some degree.

Bowling is resorted to somewhat by our young men; an ancient English game that I like to see them engage in, having used it much in my own youth. My father did once say that Drake was engaged at bowls when that great Spanish armada was first sighted. Inns are in the main used for refreshment only, when occasion requireth, and not to tipple in.

Nov. 1. Burned out my chimney, with a great roaring and flying forth of flame, but no harm done, having taken a rainy day.

Nov. 20. Took my gun and dog with me for a bag of game, and did get some good grouse and quail in the woods, and, as I returned across the marsh, a brace of wild duck; so my larder is well supplied to-night. Sent part over to my brother Gould's wife, and the rest my wife will serve to us roasted and in a pie for our Sunday dinner on the morrow.

My dog is very good for hunting birds or foxes, and harmeth neither cat nor chickens.

1653. Mr. John Sanford died this year, President of our two towns on this island. He was cannoneer, when at Boston, and since his entrance to this colony hath been well employed on public business. He hath left a considerable estate. He still owned some of that armour, now gone from use, but formerly so general, before powder. His widow was of the Hutchinson family. There hath been no special happening set down by me this year except this of Mr. Sanford's death.

Peage is now 8 a penny.

1654. Mar. 27. Sold a piece of ground to Lawrence Turner and Tobias Saunders, measuring 67 rods in the length of it, and 57 broad.

May 6, Saturday. Went fishing for that black, thick kind, called by the Indians tautog, and by some of us blackfish. Caught several large ones thus early, my first trial of the year. They are very good sport in the taking, lying under the side of a rock without moving greatly from it, so that they may be caught freely in one spot, while at a short distance none may be had. They feed on crabs, mussels, and the like. They may be baked, boiled, or fried (the smaller ones in meal), but their meat is not so excellent as the striped bass, of which I caught a few.

In coming home from the cliffs where I had

fished, I stopped upon the beach, and found that the late gale had thrown upon the shore some great sea clams, that though not fit for baking (like the smaller kind up our bay), yet make a most excellent broth which my wife relisheth much. She hath not seemed of her usual health for a day or two, and this broth may hearten her. I had caught a few chogsets also in my fishing, which, though little esteemed by most, do make the best of chowder, from their sweetness, though 'tis true they be exceeding bony.

June 19, Monday. My garden doeth finely this year, both the part that I do till, and that little parcel wherein my wife groweth some savoury herbs and mints, besides some flowers that she delighteth in. To-day we all went a berrying and gathered enough of those wild growing strawberries to give us our content (with plentiful cream thereon) at supper, and some that my wife will preserve for winter's use. We have sugar from our maples this year, part of which we keep in a kind of syrup for our wheaten and corn cakes.

Aug. 12, Saturday. Again a-fishing, but now for bluefish, a gamesome kind, that is best caught while sailing, as we did (my servant with me), trailing our lines behind. A most delectable flavoured fish when cooked fresh caught (which it must be, as it spoileth soon) and well larded with butter. We had one to our dinner, with sweet corn upon the ear, now coming of right age and size.

Sep. 1, Friday. Blackberrying with my wife, and brother Daniel Gould, and his wife. The berries are most large and sweet this year, the weather having favoured their growing. My wife gave us part of them in a pudding, for supper, her brother and his wife staying with us to help eat it. They agreed, as did all of us, that it was the best they had tasted, being of very light crust, with the berries massed together inside, and served with a sweet creamy sauce.

Dec. 31, Sunday. Read prayers at home; my custom of a Sunday, unless I go to hear Mr. Holmes, which, though he be a Baptist, I sometimes do, for I have known many godly men of a different religion from mine.

A very prospering year to me in my planting and other undertakings; for which, and most of all for the good health of my household, praised be the Maker and Giver of all.

1655. Mar. 25, Sunday. Heard a good sermon from Mr. Holmes, "In my Father's house are many mansions," with hopeful illustrations for us poor wayfarers still lingering here in our earthly homes.

June 1, Friday. To Mr. Arnold's stone mill, and waited my turn for grinding the corn I brought. Had some speech, while waiting, with Mr. James Rogers (sometime General Sergeant), and a mind to have asked him if he had not Thomas Rogers for his father, who was of the Plymouth settlement at their first

coming. (Our Mr. Rogers' eldest son is named Thomas, which likens it the more.)

Nov. 29, Thursday. Finished hauling my wood, aforetime cut, and now well seasoned. Have a good store of it piled for winter's use, and some housed so that it may be got at dry in all weathers.

In Plymouth bounds do they now make thanksgiving at this season, remembering their early deliverance from disease and starvation at their settling. Here, too, is there some observance, and this corner, so favoured of the Lord, might well give thanks continually for mercies. A constant spirit of thankfulness is a need of us all, instead of much fruitless repining and fretfulness.

My wife's brother, Thomas Gould, was married this year to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Baulstone, but late divorced from John Coggeshall.

News cometh this same year of the death of the old faulconer Latham, Mrs. Vaughan's father. He died May 15, at Elstow, in Bedfordshire, of a great age, near an hundred it is said.

There hath been a list made this year of the freemen of the whole colony, thus showing to what we are grown. Newport hath 96, Portsmouth 71, Providence 42, and Warwick 38.

1656. Apr. 1, Tuesday. There came to me this night an old Indian, who hath oft told me of

the great spouting made by the spirit (as he averreth) of a sea monster, who cometh at long intervals to thus foretell disaster. I had doubted much his tale, but bade him warn me at any hour when he could promise a sight of this wonder. To-night he came, therefore, in much excitement and trembling, and said he would take me near the place if I would not force him quite upon it. It was nine of the clock, and I abed; but I roused myself, and soon joined him on the way to some great rocks, near two miles south of the town. We had almost got to it, when the Indian of a sudden left me, and I was nigh startled as a great spout of water shot upwards close to me, spraying to a height of two or three score feet, and a noise with it as of hoarse bellowing.

It is truly of strange contriving, though nothing unearthly, and indeed a most beautiful sight in the full moon as I saw it. As I fell to pondering on the meaning of it, there came to me this reason for the spouting. A great hole in the rock underneath it, with some narrowing upwards, wanteth now but a certain manner of wind and tide in just balance, to cause, upon occasion, this wonder. The marvel further is that the sea hath not worn this hole so as to spoil such sport, but, though this may be in time, yet now all is in pretty shaping.

I hurried me home after gazing awhile, and telling my wife of it, she prevailed on me to take her to see it, which I have done, on pil-

lion behind me; and when our wonder was somewhat stayed we hasted home again, yet it was midnight ere we got to bed.

Dec. 31, Wednesday. There have been some things passed unnoticed this year that I should not so have neglected the dates thereof. The separation of some from the Baptists, forming a second church (the differences being as to psalmody, prophesying, laying on of hands, and particular redemption), by Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Baker and others; a special hot day in the last summer (the worst I do remember in many years); and a great gale that came this autumn with hurt to some of our boats. These be the three things that come to me, that I must not fail to tell, nor must I forget the many blessings showered on me and mine this year.

1657. Mar. 28. My brother-in-law, Thomas Gould, hath this day bought of Koshtosh (Indian sachem), an island near unto us, which he will call Gould Island, as have some already.

Now are the Quakers gaining upon us greatly, my brother Daniel Gould one of the first to join them, while others either gone or so leaning are Mr. Coddington, Mr. Easton, Mr. Bull, &c. here, with a following also at Portsmouth and Providence. Mrs. Vaughan's eldest Clarke son seemeth to have a leaning that way, which would make censure from her father, the old faulconer, were he living, as

he was ever for the old faith and ancient ways.

Aug. 25, Tuesday. Nicholas Power died at Providence, leaving a widow and two young children.

Oct. 12, Monday. Came this evening to my house Mr. Easton and Mr. Bull (upon some persuasion of my wife's brother, as I think), and set forth reasons why I should join them in the religious way of the Quakers. I answered civilly, but feel no drawing toward them, yet have they some good in their worship, as their leading of the Spirit (by which we should all be led); the serving of their ministers freely (which may be well, if ministers can live without pay); and simplicity in dress and speech, (if these become not a form and pretence of themselves); and so of their doctrine of peace (if not offending others by obstinate holding at trifles, provoking to anger and not peace). As to the fanciful doings of some, I hold not the most responsible for these follies. I shall, at a convenient season, visit their meeting and hope to be edified in some things.

Mr. Williams approveth not the Quakers, particularly the extravagances fallen into by some half madded with persecution (as one or two of their women going naked in the street). He fighteth them however only by his word of sharp censure and counsel, and openeth here a safe haven for them, as for all oppressed.

Neither doth Mr. Williams agree with Mr.

Harris, at Providence, though upon other grounds (as his defiance of authorities in civil things), and has, being President, signed a warrant for his arrest on the charge of High Treason. There hath been much disputation between them for some years, and though I do believe Mr. Williams to be generally right in his grounds and claims, yet his word and pen are always as sharp as his adversaries; and it is in deeds only that he is softer. When poor humanity struggles and suffers, he is ever ready to help and heal.

Mr. Brinley, who hath lately come among us from England (of a good family in the county of Bucks), hath, and others joining him, made themselves proprietors of Conanicut, the great island near us.

Dec. 1, Tuesday. Did nearly all of us here and in Portsmouth, drive the island to rid it of some pests, that yet be among us, partly come in from the main as I think. We started at Newport and worked north to the end of the island, by which time we had either killed or driven into the water toward Pocasset, most that have ravaged our flocks and fowls. There were of killed, three great gray wolves, two panthers, four bears, six wild cats, and seventeen foxes. A few deer we killed, also, for our eating.

1658. May 1. The children did some of them gather of that shy, trailing flower, called May-flower; very pretty and sweet to smell of.

One of the girls was poisoned with ivy in getting the flowers, but plantain leaf may heal or help. Witch-hazel were better, could it be attained. The English ivy hath not this poison quality of ours here. Dogwood must also be shunned, for its poison leaves.

May 15, Saturday. I have ever believed in the habit of observing little things (so considered, though oft proving great), as adding much to the pleasure of a walk, ride or journey, which might else be but irksome. Talking thus to my older children, I bade them look well about them, and when they had gathered some wise knowledge, as to kinds of rocks, trees and birds, and the habits of these last, I would be glad to be made more wise from their findings.

Now are they come, and, reminding me of this speech, do also say that I did enter into an agreement to make three Saturday rambles with them, when they had gained enough to be able to show me some wonders. This can they now do, and I must perforce keep my contract; so did we make fair start to-day with a walk to some notable rocks.

THE ROCK EXCURSION.

Our course lay across both beaches, the tide being well out, and so most excellent walking, that part of the sand uncovered being well compacted and hard. We fell to talking first of the rocks in general on this island, and

how the south end of it, cropping out in some greyish granite kind of rock, is flanked on the main on either side (both at Sekonit and Narragansett) by a reddish sort unknown to us here. Coming now to the great fissure close by the western end of Sachuest Beach, my son would fain try to jump where the Indian maid did meet her fate; but this must not be, now or hereafter, as I shortly told him.

Passing along this beach eastward, we left it for a few minutes to visit "Hanging Rocks," or "Lion's Mouth," just north of the beach. This is at the south end of a mighty range of rocks, and doth somewhat indeed resemble a mouth in approaching it; but when came close upon is found to be a sort of cavern, with a floor sufficient for a number of people, and an over-hanging roof, its prospect being toward the sea, otherwise a most secure shelter in a storm.

This range of rocks, like the great peak near Mr. Barker's, and others, is of pudding stone for the most part, and endeth (at the south always) with an abruptness and smooth cleaving, as if a knife had sliced the pudding squarely off, cutting many of the plums apart.

In a ravine north and west of Hanging Rock dwelleth an old Indian skilled in uses of herbs and simples, and from him I procured some rare ones of recent gathering for my wife's store, she lacking these.

Proceeding again to the east end of Sachuest Beach, we continued south and then around

Sachuest Point, till we came to the "White Rocks," these being boulders of most beautiful dazzling white quartz, well worth a journey to see. Now we fetched around north and west, passing the Third Beach, and, coming to the cliff north of that, had a most excellent view across the channel to the Sekonit country, ending in West Island. Below where we stood was "Castle Rock," and to this we now descended, finding it larger than we had supposed in looking from above, and so thrown out from the shore as to stand in some shape like unto a castle. At low tide, as found now by us, it may be approached dry shod by a little neck, but at high tide it is cut off from shore. The rock, though in part hard, has a sort of ridge or capping of softer and somewhat crumbling slate, which crumbling must, in time, much reduce its size.

Still keeping north unto a little cove, we here had our lunch, which my wife's care had well supplied, and rested while waiting for my servant to come around from Newport with the boat. It is across from here that any may be ferried (though nothing regular) to Sekonit, for parley with the Indians there, no settlement of whites having yet been made in that country.

We now fell to talking of a strange thing that is said to have come to pass in Portsmouth of late. It seemeth that a great fire having been made of logs, upon some pieces of slate-appearing rock, and the embers after

cleared to prevent any spread, it was then found that the stones did seem to be on fire themselves, burning with a dullness, it is true, but clearly afire. It is thought that this might give a means of warming, in distant ages, if the forests here were all consumed; and it is likened a little to that sea coal of England.

The boat having now arrived, we did carry so good a wind that we reached home right speedily, all tired, but well satisfied with our first day's excursion.

THE WOODS EXCURSION.

May 22. Again Saturday, and my contract being for the woods, to-day, we started eastward from town, observing as we went our own trees before leaving the thick-settled parts. The elm, I could tell my companions, was finer here than the English sort, for grace, while full as large, and one kind in particular, called weeping, doth hang almost like a willow. Again, there is the slippery elm, so-called, whose inner bark is excellent for poulticing. My son asserts that no better meat blocks have been found than those made of elm, being of a tough fiber.

We came now, my son leading, as having previously hunted out some good paths for seeing, to a fine clump of sugar maples (rock maples as also called), and in some lower ground found the white maple. Next, as fine a white ash as ever I saw, and my son, who

doeth most of the talking to-day, averreth it superior, if that may be, to hickory, for making of bows, he having practiced much in archery. Of black ash there is more, perhaps, than white. Hickory and chestnut, too, we passed in fine sample, and falling upon some locust, and farther on some cedar, I asked his opinion of the merit of woods for fence posts. He told me most gravely (with my close attention given), that for length of service in the ground without decay, nothing equaleth the locust, with cedar next, while chestnut, though very good, cometh last. From what I have heard I think he hath judged right as to precedence, though not quite clear as between locust and cedar. The red cedar, as he showed me, hath a most fragrant inside, and none better for boxes to keep out moths, while the locust is the best wood for ship's treenails.

Beeches we found in plenty, but of birches not so many except of the yellow kind, though both white and black we saw. With a tall white one they had rare sport in swinging from near its top, close beside a rock, off to the ground, it bending but not breaking at all. My son saith, that when gathering wild grapes he hath often found the vines clambering from one birch to another, and, filling his basket, has made safe descent in this same swinging down. He hath seen the Indians make their canoes of its bark, and its use for lighting we all do know. The black birch

hath a bark very edible, as all my children do testify.

We now chanced upon a rare tree here, the sassafras; and, digging out some of its root for my wife's store of simples and herbs, did near by get her, also, some of that sweet flag-root that is good to cleanse the blood in some of its affections. Then coming upon a great white oak, I did declare it my favorite tree of all, both for its sturdy battling with life against all odds, and its long hold thereon, exceeding the elm even, in that. With fair room to spread itself, and clothed in those handsome leaves, its sturdy strength declared in all the curvings of its branches, I know not its equal. My children are come to the same opinion, though I do always tell them in matters of this kind to form their own, and not be bowed by mine, as it is a question of growing judgment and has naught to do with love or obedience.

Black oak and red oak, too, we saw, and black walnut and butternut (this last bearing a very good kind); but not many of these two last named. Wild cherry trees were plentiful, and their fruit, one of my daughters saith, is much esteemed by some of the old dames in making, when placed in rum, a drink of much benefit in certain kinds of sickness. This reminded us to gather some elderberries that my wife desireth for making into wine. We gathered some checkerberry leaves for her, too. A basswood and poplar tree (not

plenty here) were passed, with some of a willow kind (though not weeping) and evergreens so many as to have near forgot mention; the pines, spruces, firs, hemlocks, and junipers abounding here. So we returned from our second excursion, all much benefited.

THE BIRD EXCURSION.

May 29. My contract endeth with this Saturday's ramble, but in truth methinks it might have much longer to run, and I not the loser; for these excursions have given me, I do believe, full as much pleasure as they have my children. To-day we take the gardens, fields, and orchards, more than the wood, though to the edge of that, and through some swamp and thicket ere done. My children have much to tell me of the haunts and habits of birds. They know of one eagle's nest on a cliff to the eastward, and of several great ones that the fish-hawks do build on trees, near to each other. We did see our enemy, the hen-hawk, soaring above us as we sallied forth, and, passing the barn, fell to speaking of the swallows that there build, and of chimney and bank swallows, these latter having quite a congregating in a sand bank near us, where they have burrowed to some little depth. The kingfisher maketh a much deeper hole and in a more clayey soil, having the entrance more hid than the bank swallows (or sand martins as some do call them). The kingfisher flew

by as we neared his home, giving out his rattling note, and near enough to see his blue gray plumage, and the raised crest of him. This made us think (as to kingship and crest, but not other ways) of the king-bird and his mighty valour; for, though but small, he driveth before him all birds, from eagle down.

Of sparrows, besides the homely little chipping kind that hath his hair nest in our vine, there is the song sparrow, whose note I do much delight in; and my children did now bring me to the nest of one, when, perceiving an egg larger than the rest, and different marked, I asked how this could be. The answer, quickly made, was that it was laid by a so called lazy bird, who thus saves herself the trouble, and her egg hatching a little first, doth often endanger the coming forth of the sparrow's own. That tanager whose scarlet coat doth mark him out so brilliantly in the foliage, we did not see, though sparingly a visitor here, nor did we meet the more common cherry bird, to-day.

The robin in our cherry tree, carols forth so loudly, that we must e'en notice him, as well as that more showy golden robin, or oriole, who sitteth near his hanging and swinging nest upon the elm. I much like the oriole's buoyant note, and even the soft gurgling one of the blue bird (who builds this year in the box provided by us) pleaseth me, though not of much range. A saucy wren did nearly

drive out the blue bird in the commencement of his housekeeping, but I did stop that in time.

As we crossed a field of grain, we started up both red winged black-birds and cheery-voiced bob-o-links, though neither have cheerful greeting from the farmer, any more than the larger crow black-birds and crows, who prey upon his crops, delighting to balk his labours thus. These crows do ever remind me of the rooks at Chiddingly. As we passed a thicket, a brown thrush (some call him thrasher) whirred by us ere I had clearly got his note, but a cat-bird remaining, kindly mocked that and many other trillings of birds, with his cat note interspersed, somewhat hurting his other pretty copies. He was quite tame, and very demure in his brown-gray coat, yet seemed to have some pride beneath it in showing forth his powers. A gold-finch (or yellow bird) flashed by us ere we passed on, starting up a meadow lark in our way; and, coming now to the border of the wood, a drumming sound told of a woodpecker near, which proved to be that large kind called pigeon woodpecker with us, very numerous on the island. He is a handsome fellow, with the red spot on his head, black crescent at his throat, and other markings on his general brown and yellowish hue.

Our old friend the blue heron rose from the near swamp; and, next, a most discordant noise did show us now that we were trespass-

ing; and so it proved, for I was led close by the nest of a blue jay, who, thus discovered, snapped his eyes angrily, and let forth most harsh notes, ere he left his nest. This bird is handsome in his markings, too, but in bad reputation with my children, who say he doth rob other birds by sucking of their eggs. Quail and partridge are found near here, in their season, and a grave old owl doth inhabit in a tree pointed out to me.

Much would my son like to find the nest of the whip-poor-will, whose mournful note we hear at eve, and who, he thinks, hath a nest near where we stand, but has not yet found, the eggs resembling the dry leaves they are placed amongst.

Now came the sweetest note I had ever heard of bird, in America at least (though our nightingales and larks in England do near match him); the wood-thrush's song. It did so pleasure me that I tried for a glimpse of the songster, though fearing thereby to stop his sweet music. The little I saw was of a bird smaller, I think, than the brown thrush, and a larger mottle on his breast; but I cannot be sure of his markings, his song holding me in spell.

The last treat for me, as we neared the house, on our return, was the tiny nest of a humming bird, a secret till now, for my surprise; and so we end these pleasant excursions, all well satisfied of their profit to us.

June 1, Tuesday. My wife hath brewed and

bottled some very good beer, compounded of many herbs and simples; and it maketh not only a most refreshing drink, when cooled in the spring, but is excellent for the blood.

Put in some grafts to my apple trees, kindly sent from Mr. Blackstone. Finished shearing of my small flock.

June 15. Some very sweet and tender green peas, the first of my picking this year.

June 21. Tailoring and making of gowns at our house, to-day, which causeth much stir and bringeth news, (with the coming of the tailoress always), as to our neighbours' doings.

June 25. Cut my hay, and stacked it for most part, my barn being small, and the winters so generally mild here that much of the hay is stacked with us.

Aug. 3. Harvested my oats thus early.

Aug. 12. The first picking of my sweet corn, of which I have a particular choice kind.

Oct. 1, Friday. Husked my field corn and brought in my pumpkins. Have had some barrels made by the cooper, for my young orchard doeth so well that I shall need a few (what with mine own apples and buying some). One barrel I use for cider.

Oct. 20. Wild geese are flying south. The wood-chucks dig deep this year, a sign of severe winter.

Nov. 20. Killed a very handsome fat hog and salted down for winter, except the hams, which will be smoked, as well.

Am now building me a short piece of wall,

as no hard cold yet, and good weather for out door work. Have finished hauling my wood this week.

Dec. 25, Saturday. This Christmas will be ever remembered, for a most pleasant surprise it brought. The children did show me by strong endeavourings to keep awhile their secret, that something was in store for my pleasure; but I was ill-prepared to find it so great a matter. Upon the proper time arriving, however, I was shown a very pretty table, the work of my son; which, examining more closely, I then saw was inlaid of little squares, each of a different wood, all fitted together with much nicety, and polished to show the grain and thus explain the kind. This I had thought all (and more than enough), but was now further shown that two little drawers might be pulled out; the upper one with most beautiful butterflies arrayed in every colour, and the lower having a vastly pretty collection of birds' eggs, some most rare, including that much wished for whip-poor-will's. The store in these two drawers was collected of all my children. Indeed, I should be well content with such a rich gift, coming to me so unexpected, and showing such diligence and love.

As to some general happenings this year, I mention a few.

Horod Gardiner (so-called, though rightly, Herodias) the wife of George Gardiner of this town, hath gone all the way from here to

Weymouth (near sixty miles), through the wilderness, and with a babe at her breast, to give her testimony, as the Quakers have it. For this hath Governor Endicott ordered her whipped and placed in prison. After her punishment she prayed the Lord to forgive her oppressors. Converts grow with each new punishment.

This Mistress Gardiner, then Long, was married when but fourteen, at St. Faith's, London, to one John Hicks, who brought her first to Weymouth and then here, but deserted her on differences arising between them, and went away to the Dutch, and she hath since become wife to Mr. Gardiner.

Mr. Cranston hath taken to wife Mary Clarke, daughter of Mistress Vaughan by one of her former husbands.

This year have the Pawtuxet men (Mr. William Arnold not excepted, as I believe) asked to be joined again to Providence, after sixteen years subjection to Massachusetts, hitherto at their desire. Mr. Arnold was a ruling spirit in this, and hath often called hard names some who held to Providence; but now is all happily ended, and so this controversy ceaseth.

Thank God for all my blessings, and may I use them better, is my prayer to-night.

1659. Jul. 1. This past month Mr. Scott's daughter (Patience), going from Providence to Boston to witness against persecution of

Quakers, was sent to prison, though a girl only about eleven years old; but this tenderness stayed not their hardness at the Bay.

Sep. 9, Friday. I am minded to pay a long-promised visit to Mr. Blackstone, and now set forth, with my wife, also, whom Mistress Blackstone much desireth, seeing little company in that retired spot. It is now cooler, and travel less hard than in our recent heat.

We arrived by pinnace to-night at Mr. Gorton's, in Warwick, where we do lodge; and I had long discourse with him and Mr. Greene (whose father died of late), Mr. Holden, and Mr. Holliman, they calling to see me on word that I had come. Mr. Gorton liveth in great quiet and content now, honoured by his neighbours, which the Bay should see, as one ever considered by them so turbulent. He hath a somewhat mystical religion, all his own, with quite a following in it; though I have not gained, as yet, a clear knowledge of its meaning. My wife liketh Mrs. Gorton much. She was of the Maplet family, and hath a brother in Bath, Old England, a physician of repute.

Sep. 10. We again set forth, and I bethought me to call on my old countryman, Mr. Arnold, at Pawtuxet, where also I met Mr. Carpenter, his neighbour. Leaving the trouble so recently healed here, we had converse more upon matters in Old England, which I ever delight in doing with the older sort of planters, like unto Mr. Arnold, they carrying closer in their minds the past hap-

penings there than do the younger sort, who left when but youths.

Mr. Carpenter is son-in-law of Mr. Arnold, and came from Amesbury, in Wiltshire.

At Providence I tarried a little by Mr. Smith's mill, where (as always at the miller's and cobbler's) news doth center. This place hath grown since last I saw it, though not approaching Newport for size. I found not Mr. Williams at home, but his wife saith he will see us at Mr. Blackstone's ere we leave; and so passing on we arrived, toward evening, at Study Hill, as Mr. Blackstone calleth his home. He lives upon a rising ground just off the river, some seven miles, or there-about, from Providence, northward. Here he passeth his days in much quiet, delighting most in his garden and books. He hath some rare kinds of both apple and pear trees, which give so choice a fruit that slips therefrom are in much request from all who know of them.

His library is better than often found in this land, both of Latin and English, folio, quarto, octavo, and smaller. Though he goeth not forth much himself, choice spirits do oft seek him from this colony, and some of the Bay.

Sep. 11, Sunday. Mr. Blackstone read scripture, with lessons therefrom, most excellently set forth.

Sep. 12. Mr. Newman, minister at Rehoboth, visited us. Him I had known at Weymouth. A godly and learned man.

Sep. 13. To Diamond Hill with Mr. Black-

stone, and found some rare crystals, amethysts and garnets, but no diamonds. From this hill's top did see, at great distance, both Wachuset and Monadnock, though not that great snow mountain which I once gained sight of in my early cruising eastward.

Sep. 14. Went to see Mr. Dexter's lime pit and kiln, where he maketh a very good lime, though no better than we get from shells, at Newport, it thinketh me. He was a printer, in England, and hath been one of their ministers, here. We have also been to see that floating island in Scott's Pond, which maketh its voyages, upon a time, as boats do. A wonderful thing.

Sep. 15. Thursday. We can tarry no longer, though greatly desiring, for we have had much pleasant and profitable discourse with Mr. Blackstone, who hath studied and thought much and is ever glad to impart of his knowledge. His wife and mine have enjoyed, also, of this their first acquaintance, for Mr. Blackstone did but marry this year, waiting till he was older even than I in my marriage. We do both believe it our gain, this so long waiting, but there is this difference; he did marry a widow, and I a young maid. (She was widow of John Stephenson.)

I had some discourse with mine host upon the danger that I feared this exposed spot might place him in from Indians, but he will not see it so.

We have some hope that Mr. Blackstone

and his wife may yet visit us, though no promise, for he goeth from home but on rare occasion, save to Mr. Smith's, at Narragansett, where he seeth a duty to preach. A boat leaving Providence, for Portsmouth, we were by it there carried, and thence by horse to Newport, with a stop only at Mr. Baulstone's for some speech of him and a little of his claret. Truly a pleasant journey to us both.

Sep. 17, Saturday. Mr. Holliman, of Warwick, died this day, he whom I saw but so lately. He was of the older sort, and came from Tring, in Hertfordshire. He hath left but one child (wife to Mr. Warner), and a reputation for good works and deeds.

Nov. 15, Tuesday. My brother Gould hath writ a book of the sufferings put upon one Stevenson and Robinson, for their Quaker ways, with something of his own oppression for the same cause, and of his being tied to a gun, whipped, and imprisoned on a visit to Boston. Yet I hear not of conversion of any Quakers from their belief.

Dec. 31, Saturday. One Christopher Holder, after whipping and losing an ear in Massachusetts, for his Quaker ways, is lately banished, and may yet bring what they have left of him, here.

1660. June 1, Friday. Mary Dyer, wife to Mr. William Dyer, of this town, was to-day put to death at Boston, for her beliefs and the utter-

ing of them, so seeing her duty, though of late reprieved on the scaffold and warned against more offending. She was, indeed, held back a little space by her husband and son, yet would she finally go and again give her testimony, and hath most cruelly been repaid. So persuasive a tongue had she, and was of so comely a person, that she was hemmed in by soldiers, with drums beating, from prison to gallows, lest the people might see and hear her more clearly, and be moved thereby.

A monstrous bloody and most cowardly act in Mr. Endicott; yet is he neither monster nor coward, for I have known him well, being at Salem before he came and after, and when he cut the cross from the flag, was I there. He is of that sort that would be as hard even to himself as to others in mistaken duty toward God, and like all who try to construe His word and mete out justice, doeth it but ill. Such would do well to remember "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," and study more upon Christ's way with sinners. Men of his kind may make the hardiest soldiers, but are ever poor guides, counsellors, or judges for our frail flesh.

Continued oppressions are stirring the people to much pity at last for the Quakers (even with those who have condemned them hitherto), and this last cruelty will, more than all before, increase the murmuring, that already maketh some of the magistrates and elders to

hold their hands. I have thought that there hath been too much of this stern dealing and sour religion in many ways, and especially in the bringing up of children. In my early days, under that great and good Queen Elizabeth, it was the wont to give more time to sport and pastime than now they do, nor can I remember harm that came of it. I would be as far as any from countenance to gaming, carousing in drink, or any looseness such as Morton and his unholy crew diverted themselves with at Merry Mount; but this hath naught to do with the yielding all proper pastimes to the young, and the furthering of them by their elders.

This year did Massachusetts grant me 500 acres, as a final issue, in lieu of former Indian grants at Jeffrey's Neck, in Ipswich, and I shall shortly sell this last grant.

1661. Appointed Commissioner.

Shares have been taken by many this year at Misquamicut (Westerly), though not all who take will settle there. On some complaint as to their title, Mr. Benedict Arnold said he would lie in prison seven years ere he would try the title in Boston. He would only try it in Rhode Island or England.

Contributions are desired by the colony, of £200, for the Agents in England to procure us a new charter.

Block Island, at the south of us, far at sea, hath settlement this year, also, mostly by

Braintree men, of whom a chief one is Mr. Ray.

We have news of the coronation of His Majesty King Charles II, at the Abbey Church, Westminster, in April last, and of the brave procession in the streets, they being strewn with flowers, the fountains running wine, and the people shouting for joy.

It is a sight I would fain have seen; but, not able so to do, can only, with most others here, echo the shoutings and give thanks for a happy deliverance at last from the disloyalties and disorders for which that rude Cromwell was most responsible in his day. He did have some following here in his time of power, as all men then have following; but yet were our people in the main most loyal. We hope soon for a charter from the king, which shall be so broad as to show he knows and trusts our loyalty.

Oct. 27, Sunday. Went to a meeting of the Quakers, or Friends, which I had long promised me to do, though not to others. After some silence, which had a kind of solemnness to it, the Spirit did at last move one to speak, who chanced to be my brother Gould, one of their ministers, though all are free to speak. He did exhort right well, though a little too much of toning his voice up and down, but the matter was good; and then a prayer from the women's side (for they sit separate), which was a message to any wounded spirit among us, sweetly voiced, and most modestly, noth-

ing misbecoming. Then, after more silence, the meeting closed by gravely shaking of hands. Hats were by many kept on the head during all the time. Here, where freedom to worship is granted, the fanciful and fanatical ways are dropped, and much good remains.

The Quakers have a simple marriage ceremony, with a host of witnesses signing the certificate; and I believe their keeping of records of their births, marriages, and deaths, to be the best of any; whereby future generations may read clearly much that would else be lost.

1662. May 1, Thursday. Upon this May Day (in Old England, though not observed here to any degree), did I, with my wife behind me on my good horse, set out for Mr. Barker's; he desiring to sell me a stall of bees. He lives near three miles to the eastward from us, toward the woods, so-called, about a mile north of Sachuest Beach, and only a short space from that fair spring of water by the Green End way from town, that being the course we travelled.

Mr. Barker is of that younger sort of men I have before writ of, with not much remembrance of England, which he left when but a lad; and his father, dying on the voyage, did place him in the care of the boy's aunt, afterward wife of Mr. Easton. He is one of our valued younger men, and we discoursed, pleasantly, on his planting here, the new Mis-

quamicut purchase, at Westerly (wherein he hath a part), the hopes for a new charter, &c.; during which time my wife and Mistress Barbara could decide as to some new fashionings of gowns, and talk of their poultry, butter, and spinning, Mr. Holmes' sermon, and the betrothings of some youths and maidens, if report be true, as heard by them.

Mr. Barker hath a special good kind of old cider wherewith we refreshed us, and then all went to the top of that great peaked rock, south of him a little. Here the prospect of land and sea is, I believe, the fairest in New England, for beauty in the laying out, the extent thereof, and the variety of landscape; meadow, hill, dale, and woodland in fair proportion near us, with a most extensive view on the sea-line from Narragansett to the Elizabeth Islands and Gay Head; this last, more than a score of miles eastward, showing most beautiful array of varied colours in the light of the declining sun. Mr. Peckham, a neighbour, joined us, having observed our party on the rock, and after some speech of him we went down again to Mr. Barker's, and so home.

Nov. 11, Tuesday. Gave out somewhat of my wife and daughters' spinning to be woven. We have a very good weaver near us.

Dec. 25, Thursday. Had a well-fatted turkey for our Christmas dinner to-day, instead of the goose which hath been my wont here as in England. We think it eateth even bet-

ter. My wife's poultry hath suffered lately from an old hen-hawk, that my son to-day shot just as he had seized a fine young pullet. These hen-hawks be a great nuisance to us, but not so the larger fish-hawks, which prey not on poultry and are protected by us, especially the fishermen, as helping them in hovering over schools of fish.

1663. June 8, Monday. Went out in my boat, which, though small, saileth well, and fetched around the entire coast of Conanicut ere night befell, making two landings thereon. Do not find many have builded yet. Off Beaver Tail the sea was running high to-day.

Jul. 9. At the smith's, where I had my horse well shod (he needing sadly, as I had near found to my cost in his stumbling), there came in Mr. Cranston, on like errand. He reporteth not much sickness, and hopes that those he hath care of may soon be recovered, they showing good disposition to it.

Aug. 1. Last month John Smith, of Warwick, died; merchant there, and President of the colony some years since. He leaveth a widow, but no children.

Nov. 16, Monday. Hunting to-day for that sly old fox that lately despoiled me of a fat turkey, that I would fain be making a little fatter for present use; but it was labour for naught except Reynard's behoof. Him have I at last killed, with the help of my good dog, and will now look more closely to my bars.

In hunting him I came upon some wild geese that he was watching for a meal, and gained one good fat one to pay for my turkey's loss.

News reached me a few weeks since of the death of my brother Thomas, and that he was buried at Chiddingly on the 16th of May. In his will (dated April 20th, and proved July 2d of this year), he desires to be buried as near as possible to the monument of his father in Chiddingly Church. He remembereth the poor of Chiddingly, Hellingly, and Hailsham, and his servants (some ten in number, including bailiff, clerk, other men-servants and maids)—and left a special legacy of £100 to his nephew (my son) Thomas, who was also to have, at age, the Perry lands, so-called (near unto the Peaks where my brother did live)—to be for him and his heirs male, &c. If his nephew Thomas die before coming of age, his sister Mary and other sisters to have the £100 in certain portions. The mansion-house and homestead of the Peaks, my brother had already given to his daughters, as stated in his will, before making that paper. To his grandson, Jefferay Boyd, he gave some estate, and names as executors, daughter Fowle and son-in-law John Boyd.

I am much saddened at this news of the death of my dear and only brother, who hath so well kept up our name; and I am deeply moved that he hath so generously provided for my son, the last of this branch of the Jefferays in the male line.

Rehoboth doth grieve at the death of their minister, Mr. Newman. Among other good works, is his concordance, on which he laboured many years.

This year hath been brought to us, by our trusty agent, Mr. Clarke, that Royal Charter so much desired, and now granted by His Most Gracious Majesty, King Charles II. Our first Governor under it is Mr. Benedict Arnold, a worthy choice.

1664. Apr. 19, Tuesday. Mr. Cranston, calling at my house, on some small sickness of one of my children, gave me good occasion to show my gladness at the recent public evidences of esteem in his skill, and of his license to administer physick, and to be recorded as Doctor of Physick.

Aug. 13, Saturday. We all went to Conanicut for huckleberries, which there so abound that we picked a half bushel. Killed a large black snake, though harmless. My wife maketh a special good kind of pie of this berry, in a deep dish, with top crust only. This year was chosen Deputy.

Dec. 31, Saturday. Not much to set down this year. Life passeth peacefully, in good content.

1665. Feb. 20, Tuesday. Mrs. Easton died; once wife of Mr. Beecher. (Mr. Easton's children are by an earlier wife.) She was

aunt to Mr. Barker, he coming to America in her care, when but a lad.

This year did William Field die, of Providence. He had some dealings with Barbadoes. He leaveth a wife but no children. Mr. Willett hath been chosen Mayor for New York, the first English one, for the Dutch did surrender Manhattan but last year. He is well liked there, and, having learned the Dutch while at Leyden, is now helped thereby in his office.

1666. Jan. 5, Friday. Mr. Roger Mowry, of Providence, died. He leaveth a large family; a widow and ten or eleven children, some already married.

May 1. Mr. Rhodes, of whose death, by drowning, I meant earlier to have writ, was one of the valued men at Pawtuxet, where he long dwelt. A little before his death he had been committed in Massachusetts, for saying, "The court has not to do in matters of religion." A true saying, nevertheless. He married a daughter of old Mr. Arnold, and leaveth a family.

Sep. 1, Saturday. Lately did die, Mr. Richard Smith, at Wickford, which pained me much to hear, for I ever valued his friendliness, and counsel. Mr. Blackstone will be much saddened at the news. Mine ancient friends begin to be gathered to their fathers, and so am I warned that my time approacheth. I heard not of Mr. Smith's death till too

late to go to his funeral; whereof I much regretted and have wrote a letter to his son, that he might know of my inability, and deep grief, at his losing so good a father and I so dear a friend.

Nov. 1, Thursday. News arrives of that great fire in London, not to be matched by any yet seen in the world. For three days (commencing September 2d) it raged, being visible at night for forty miles around, and consuming over 10,000 houses, in Cheapside, down to the Thames, Fleet St., Cornhill, Old Bailey, Newgate, and much more, even that great St. Paul's Church, that I so oft have seen, and, indeed, been to service there. All that is burned is familiar ground to me. The sight from across the Bridge, in Southwark, looking to London, was most grand, 'tis said, though horrible, and I am not sorry to be spared it.

The estate I had in Southwark, from my mother, came not into the limits of the fire, though almost in the heat and glare of it. This dire loss in London, following on that dreadful plague, has caused much suffering and dismay to those who be left there, and to us who once lived in London, much grief at such desolation without warning. Mr. Williams may well rejoice that St. Sepulchre Church was spared, where his parents did worship, and where, also, if I bethink me aright, that brave Captain Smith lies buried,

he who first came to Virginia with an English settlement.

Nov. 25, Sunday. Dreams do not come to me overmuch, nor do I deem it wise in general to give serious thought to what these sleep distempers seem to say, nor profitable to relate of them to others. One I had last night, however, which, if something confused, yet had enough sense in it to be worth the telling to my family.

It was of lights and shadows flitting by, and finally taking form in two men going about the world near one another. The one was ever lighting and lightening the ways and loads of his neighbours, the other did seem to find most delight in putting on of burdens, laying stumbling blocks and casting his shadow across every bright place. I think it must have been a tale of one of my neighbours that did cause this dream. It seems that another neighbour of ours hath been making much mischief by his meddlesome ways; ever trying to straighten others' paths by his own (though these oft crooked enough), giving much unasked advice, zealous as he believes for good works, but much of it mistaken zeal. There be always some such, sometimes well meaning, but vastly tiresome even to their friends.

As the rain did prevent our going to church, we fell to talking of our favorite scripture texts, I giving as mine, one from the old book, and another from the new: "Deal justly,

love mercy, walk humbly with God"—and the "Golden Rule," that all of us do know, but few do follow. My wife gave, "Trust God and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

1667. Mar. 1. Last month was married Mrs. Vaughan's son, Walter Clarke, to Hannah Scott, of Providence. (His second marriage.) Her mother was of the Marbury family. (Both Marbury and Scott old English names.)

Jul. 10, Wednesday. Now am I set forth again, this time to Block Island, which, having never seen (save at great distance), and hearing good report thereof, with some wonders there, I have taken the opportunity of a ketch voyaging to Virginia to land me as she passeth, thinking to return by one of their own boats that on occasion come to Newport. I had like to have been carried to Virginia, too, for as we fetched the island, and lay off with signal, the wind made so hardly, with a rough sea, that I doubted if any boat would venture us. One did, however, and, she falling something in our lee, I jumped, on her rising a wave close to us; and, 'scaping the staving of the boat, which seemed likely, got safe to shore, with only a wetting from the waves that brake upon us. Hastening then to Mr. Ray's, one of their main men, I was greeted by him with dry clothes and a most welcome hot supper; and did myself set forth, afterward, some good claret, whereof I

had brought a bottle of Mr. Baulstone's for Mr. Ray.

Many strange things of the island were related by Mr. Ray, as of the Indian method of sweating out fevers in a kind of oven; the force of the sea at the bluffs in heavy gales; the wonderful store of fishes about the island; their great pond, &c.; while I did tell what I could remember of recent happenings, the news whereof had not yet reached here.

Jul. 12. Mr. Ray took me to see Mr. Sands, who, having considerable estate, doth entertain strangers in much the same manner; and as Mr. Ray frequently instructs in religion, so doth Mrs. Sands act as a physician to the dwellers here, particularly in the births of their children. Neither Mr. Ray nor Mrs. Sands can have much reward for their service, nor do I hear they desire it. Mr. Sands went with us to the great bluffs, upon which the sea was beating with mighty fury, from the gale lately broke, and thence we went to see the holes, or ovens, in which the Indians do place themselves when fevered. They first line them with heated stones sufficient to create so great a warmth (being confined with mostly no outlet) as causeth a mighty sweat to break forth upon the body. This, after some continuance, is changed by a plunge into the cold sea-water, and a cure wrought, as claimed by them.

We now went about to see that great pond

(of near a thousand acres, I should guess), wherein is sufficient depth for a navy, but which hath so narrow and uncertain an outlet to the sea (sometimes altogether stopped) that it will not serve for a sure harbour, of which this island hath none other.

They cure the codfish, which here abound, in much the method used by me when at the Isles of Shoals in former times; and a most excellent fish is their cod, superior to most I have seen.

Jul. 13. The sea somewhat abating, Mr. Ray engaged one Tristram Dodge to go out with us for swordfish, which are plenty here and very good in the eating, though by some esteemed coarse. Their taking gives rare sport, and we much hoped to sight one. This soon doing and a spear thrown into him, being very large and gamesome, he led us a pretty race ere we finally dispatched him, and he proved a very handsome prize; as large a one as ever I saw.

Mr. Dodge was aforetime of Newfoundland, being procured thence by the first comers here (mostly Braintree men), to teach them the way to catch their codfish, &c.

There is some farming here as well as fishing, with an increasing stock of cattle and sheep, especially in the case of Mr. Sands, who hath more lands and means than most.

Firewood can be had for the present, and, if the trees are not sufficient, with growth of people, or waste in their cutting, there re-

maineth a kind of muck, or peat, that can be dried and burned.

Jul. 14, Sunday. Mr. Ray did preach, most of his neighbours being gathered to him, as is their custom on this day of the week. There were present Mr. Sands, Mr. George, Mr. Dodge, Mr. Rathbone, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Rose, and others whose names were unknown to me.

Jul. 15. Returned to Newport on a sea as smooth as it was formerly rough in my coming. This was the more fortunate because Mr. Dodge, with whom I voyaged, hath but a small boat, and open at that, yet will she live in a very heavy sea, as Mr. Dodge telleth me. All their boats have this good reputation, being of a peculiar build, deep, lap-streaked, pointed at both ends (each shearing upwards), with two masts having no stays to them, and no head sail.

My wife, who feared much from the gale, rejoiceth to have me to her again, and I no less to greet her.

Sep. 1. At our supper a dish of succotash, which we did all much enjoy.

Dec. 31, Tuesday. I fear my Journal a little neglected for a few months. I was this year chosen upon a commission to make a levy of £150, for prison, pound, and stocks, and the mounting of the great guns.

1668. May 18, Monday. Called upon Mr. Caleb Carr, and, having finished our business,

did then ask to see his rings, of which he had aforetime spoke, as having a fancy that way. He showed me a number, of which I noted chiefly his seal ring, and another much worn of him, called "Hand and hand, and heart within," which is curiously wrought to express it. He showed, also, his silver beer bowl, &c. There is now a considerable silver in our town. Mr. Arnold, being well able, has cups, bowls, beakers, and porringers of it; and others some store, also, as Mr. Brenton, Mr. Coddington, &c., and myself some. The houses and their furnishing have much bettered since first I came here, near a score of years ago.

Dec. 31, Thursday. I did think when I commenced this Journal to have kept it more constantly, but find I must ee'n do as I can, many things oft preventing, and important happenings chancing rarely.

1669. Jan. 1, Friday. There are books that have been written (and some printed) by men of this colony, well worth the reading, as those by Mr. Williams, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Gorton. Of English books we have here in Newport, if rather scanty supply, yet a considerable reading is had by exchange which some of us do in a kind of club way, with meetings at our houses to discuss them, and to hear late news of this colony and of our neighbour colonies and England.

So, winter evenings, with a good fire, and

some refreshment near, we pass our time right pleasantly and to good profit. Those who in particular thus meet are Mr. Arnold, Mr. Brenton, Mr. Brinley, Mr. Coddington, Mr. Clarke, Mr. Vaughan, and myself, making seven, hence the saying of a wag:

> "This band of seven
> Hath all the leaven!"

while another calleth us "The Seven Wise Men of Aquidneck." As the books we have are now mostly read, and some due unto us from England still delayed in the coming, it hath been proposed, this winter, that, for the next seven weeks, meetings shall be held of a Friday evening at seven of the clock, each member telling a tale at his own house. So now we are met, this New Year's Even, at my house, being somewhat the elder, and thus to tell the first tale.

With a bright fire on the hearth, and pipes lit of some (whose smoke readily draweth up my chimney), after seeing good drink placed where my friends can reach it, I commence.

MR. JEFFERAY'S TALE.

THE SEA SERPENT;

OR, THE STRANGE VISITOR.

It is known to you all, that many years since I adventured somewhat in fishing, and with my company did use the Isles of Shoals

as a convenient stage for drying, curing, and lading. It was at my last being there that a most strange happening befell, and it is of this that I am now to tell.

My curing was done and my shallop nearly laden, when, upon an evening, as we rested, after a hard day's toil, the youngest of our party, a lad, started up, saying that he heard the sound of oars. This we denied, as not possible, the main being far away, and no vessel on horizon at sun-down.

Soon, however, we all heard the same sound, slow, and in regular method, still faint, but a little nearing. It was a wonderful still night, but very black, the stars o'ercast. As the sound ceased, we listened for the grating of the boat when drawn up on the shore, but hearing not this, and no more sound, we thought it was all but fancy.

I had put a fresh log on the fire, now flickering low, when, just as the light flared up, our door sprang open, and a figure stood there, which for a moment I saw clearly, and then (the light dimming somewhat) in more shadow. But what I did see at that first had been a short, squat, man, though very broad, bowed in the legs, and of swarthy hue, with bright eyes o'erhung with the heaviest hairy brows that ever I saw, and a large ring in his left ear only, which I noted in particular for the oddness of it, though one in each ear is common to sailors.

"Good even to you," quoth I, "whence come you, my man, and on what errand?"

"A good evening enough to some," growleth he, "but not to those here who tarry beyond to-night."

His answer vexed me somewhat, so churlish was it, and I said, "you are an ill-spoken guest, but sit you down and tell us why we tarry not as long as we will, which, rest you, we shall do."

"I bring you a warning," answered he, "but first would have a pipe of tobacco."

This weed was not in so much use then as now, but one who had joined us from Virginia had of it, and spared him a pipe full, which having lit, and puffed great clouds of smoke, that almost hid him from us, he said:

"My warning is this; tarry you here beyond to-morrow's sun and you will all be food of the sea-serpent!"

This caused some stirring among us, and the lad crept closer to me, for many an idle tale of this monster was abroad, as of his being seen at Cape Ann, stretched in the sun asleep, and of his waking and rolling into the sea with great splashings, then making a most horrible roaring, his wide jaws opened, showing the red within, and his glistening teeth. Therefore we waited in some anxiety the further speech of this strange man, so strangely come to us. He proceeded:

"Here dwelt I, as forced from loss of my boat (and until I was took off by good

chance), for three weeks time, and it is thus I know that the sea-serpent's home is even here, under you, in a great cavern."

Though I could hardly see my companions, the fire having been covered on the visitor's complaint of its heat, I felt that all were restless and ill-content at the words, "here under you." But he went on :

"It was an evening much like unto this when first I saw him, and it was in this wise : there was much of that phosphorus brightness, as some do call it, in the water, and about this island there seemed a special bright ring of it; a circle encompassing all. Wondering at this, and marvelling at its beauty, suddenly it broke ; and a grisly head arose, shaking a great shower of drops which lighted up the most horrid jaws and red mouth, that, with its great teeth, one might only dream that such a thing could be. Then came forth from him a fearful roar, with a slashing and beating of his tail in the water, that so terrified me that I fell into a swoon. Now, waking from this, in a cold sweat of fear and trembling, I heard a grating noise under me ; at which, having been flat on my face, I got me up, and beheld only the tail and half the length of the monster. At this I much wondered, till I saw that the head of him had gone into a hole under this island, which, small at the opening, must have a cavern beyond, where the monster doth live and bring in his prey. This grating, too, is a most hor-

rible noise that I hope none of ye may hear, for it is worse than his roar, through thinking he could raise this whole island if he was enraged to do it. Yet was my saving thereby, for, losing one of his scales, in so rubbing, being roomy and of great power to float, I escaped thereby through using it as a boat, which ye may see, for I still use it. Do ye handle not the sharp edge of it, however, for a wound of it will stiffen you dead."

My people began, some of them, to shake, and the boy did whimper, but I stilled him, and bade our guest go on.

"There is not much more to tell," said he, "though much I might, as of some mermaids that were disporting themselves in the moonlight, when he did suddenly pounce upon them and crunch them in his jaws right quickly. Methinks I can hear their shrieks now, and the noise of his crunching of them; and they of such exceeding beauty, and pretty, playful ways in their gambolling, that it seemed more the pity to have such a fate. It almost makes me weep, the thought of it."

(Yet I perceived not that he did weep, except a queer sniffing be that.)

"And this crunching that I speak of makes me think of your fate," said he, but spoke no more; and we all mused a space, still shaking somewhat, he puffing such clouds as quite choked us, yet none durst speak, until, at last, I said: "Well, strange guest, for strange thou art, and not of our asking, thou tellest a queer

take, and that told us well, but what knew we but that it be for those advantage only, and to drive us thence home a fat fancy provide, that they expect have it for three days?"

To answer one, and we sat on a stone, all wondering, all silent, the boy whispered, "I hear the cave again, the strange one hath left us!" We listened, and indeed there did seem the same sound, and I strange forward to the door, which, though shut, the moon it now it was, had caused through. Perhaps we did this when we were coughing and sneezing at his smoke, but be that as it may, he was gone, as he came, without sound of speech, and though a door that ever creaked in the wind, yet heard we no noise.

It did right my own perceiving, we got us out any, nor could I even detain them enough to do a little more lading that occasion so frighted were they, and I somewhat also, as I will freely confess.

Now upon this tale being told, so many little tales did pass themselves thereby, in the discussing that followed, of encounters and such like occasions, that it was agreed that we should all make our stories short enough to give time afterward for some pleasant talk thereon. Indeed, the talk did hang on these relations that were better than some of those I have set down, only, having them not kept to our writing, but only of memory, it were needless to trust that to tell them. Our voyage that time are all to be writ before we meet;

So we parted, at the end of our talk, with hopes of all meeting in health this day week at Mr. Arnold's.

Jan. 8. The seven met this evening at Mr. Arnold's, and after greetings and some relating of recently come news, he proceedeth to tell his story.

MR. ARNOLD'S TALE.

THE GOBLIN LAND;

OR, THE DEVIL'S HEALING.

You know that I have done much trading with the Indians, having learned their language passing well, and interpreting it somewhat for others. In my adventuring among them I have heard many strange stories, and, though some of them be but their fanciful imaginings, yet others, I believe, altogether true in substance. Now this that I relate is one of these Indian tales that I think hath truth to it, and it came to me in this wise.

I was upon going a voyage to the Dutch, at Manhattan, for some trading, and when finished there bethought me to continue up that North river to the head thereof, for some further trade. It so chanced that a Mohawk sachem had come to the Narragansetts to get of their peage, for which our Indians are so famous that these Mohawks often gain supply of it here (they not having proper shells whereof to make it in their interior country).

Hearing of my voyage, this sachem asked passage with me, as going near his home; which, I readily granting, we journeyed on together till close to the final, when I thought he would have left me. Knowing, however, that my shallop must wait her lading, of beaver and other skins, for some two or three weeks' space, and wishing to return my kindness, as he esteemed it, he desired I would go, with him as guide, to that mighty falls, none other so great, of which you have all heard, though none seen, as you have told me. So, not to miss such safe conduct to this wonder I had long desired to compass, we did start, him leading well, till our safe arrival there.

Before this, when yet a score of miles away, as seemed to me, we heard the great roar of it, and, being come to a sight of the mighty rushing flood, it was indeed an awesome thing to look upon. Now I might of this alone, for the whole evening's space, tell you, and then not half the wonder of it; but of this no more now, for it is of greater wonders still I must relate, though not seen by me.

It is an ancient Indian's story. He had lived a few years by this Niagara, as they call the falls, but the home of his youth had been far west of it, being of another tribe, at the head of that greatest and most western lake of several that make a kind of chain. Here he had oft hunted game, and, being strong and venturesome, in one of his most western

goings, he came on the borders of an enemy's country and was captured by a tribe of which he remembered not then the name. He was carried so far by them, still west, that he thought never to see his home again, yet in good fortune that his life was spared.

Now fell he sick, and, being a little recovered, his captors taking some liking to him, did tell of most wonderful hot springs, where, if a guide could be found to them, a final cure might be wrought.

Many feared to go into the "Goblin Land," or "Land of the Wicked Spirits," as their tongue maketh it, some having been tempted in for game and killed there by wizards in divers horrible ways.

Finally a guide was found, who, consenting to go in the then month of July, which some said was free from spell, they did start on their journey together, passing still westward, with a little southing to it at the last. So high is the place that they were at last come to, after many narrow escapes, that snow blocks all passing to it, save in the summer. It is so among the mountains that some time befell ere they had found the true entrance; and then, indeed, began the wonders, in the hearing of which I did so marvel that I tried to shake him as to some of them being possible, yet could I not.

It seems that, on entering, there was most wonderful verdure and flowers, with game so plenty, and the air so sweet, as had tempted

down to their lairs. Great trees were passed in this forest, and nearly the entire vegetation was of some sort that they hated, and had to creep in them. In holding a conference with the monarch of the mountains, and there was none to see all other creatures on the mountain was gone.

Near the springs a most horrible sort of tethering was found—adders, and vipers, and other reptiles, lying all of each with water spouting forcing across them in a kind of thin rather, as it were. Further on they came to some great standing stones that could break both other much smelling and creeping underneath them, and at times, regular (or some without method), shook high in air a vast fountain of water. Others would rise out and from various in one of which columns came forth most dreadful bellowings and roars, and did the most awful smells (such though all the evenings and locations had their own smells of evil).

The hard goblin's existence was so horrible a place that they carried by it but less he evil might come to their lives, as it would seem by his motives be much desired. When he had the power he was gifted to slay out and destroy all he may have appetite to devour, while for others he had some special benefit derived, that may serve his health or vanity, when he desired to bring back his presence and surround himself with their evidences in his caverns. But passing quickly by the cave

ern, they now came to pleasanter things, most curious to see, as well as beautiful.

One spring did send forth a sort of mist, that, covering all growing things near it, did mantle them with seeming snow; another did bubble in a kind of pink paste, like fine mortar, and make of it beautiful flowers, rising and falling ever, in lily forms in particular.

One spring was bubbling forth blackness, like ink. There were pools of water so clear that far down were seen fairy grottoes, with blue lights dancing in them, and all so beautiful that one might almost wish to dive in and explore them. Some Indians have done this, being over-tempted by the spirit watching for them, and then never seen again, being taken by under passages to the head goblin's cavern, there to be eaten by him, when fatted, or tortured for his enjoyment.

They saw, too, a mountain all of glass (black in colour) and were now at last come to a most beautiful lake, with mountains around it so high that the tops of some had ever snow upon them. This lake was filled with the best of fish, readily cooked by placing in one of the hot pools near the shore. Now, crossing the lake, are they come to the mighty falls, which empty it from a height greater even than the Niagara, but not so great for volume, though vast indeed.

The last wonder they saw, and one of the greatest, was the deep gorge below the falls, whose banks are coloured in stripings of red,

brown, yellow, greenish, and other blendings, all most beautiful to see. But, although the month was not quite gone, so loud had become the bellowing of the head goblin (now wild with rage, that he could not get at them, and howling the louder as each day passing brought him nearer his desire), that they were much dispirited thereby; and, feeling a melancholy steal over them, which seemed to hold them for his food, they struggled with it, and did get over the limit of his estate safely, though hardly able, so cast down in spirits were they. Once over this, however, their spirits grew strong, and they hastened away from the cursed enchantment of a region which, only for the goblins, would be a wonder well worth a pilgrimage to try and find.

We were all agreed that if half the Indian told were true, it would indeed be a land to see, and fell to some debate, as to how much were so and how much might be his fanciful imaginings. Something in fact we made no doubt there must have been, for Mr. Arnold said he was more than usual intelligent and honest appearing, and, though ancient, by no means addled in his understanding.

Jan. 15. The seven being gathered at Mr. Coddington's house ("New Lodge," in the Neck), without much ado this evening's tale was told; for, the stories proving to have a relish for all, we now get to them quickly.

MR. CODDINGTON'S TALE.

THE SECRET MEETING;

OR, HOW A GOOD BAKING MAY COME FROM A COLD OVEN.

Whatever we may have heard before, this, that I now do tell, I know for a true story, having it of my father's relating, a grave and sober man, not given to aught save truth in his speech.

As we all have heard (and Mr. Jefferay may have some knowledge of, as being elder), in the days of His Most Gracious Majesty, King James the First, much persecution was suffered by many called unbelievers (by those in power), though this cruelty may not be laid to the king himself. This rigour did drive many good men across the sea to Holland, and, before and after that, did occasion many secret meetings, for worship, of families in England, which, being mostly discovered, it went hardly with those attending.

At Boston, in Lincolnshire, where my father lived, one of these meetings was held, and so well kept secret, that through all that time was it never discovered. My father planned it, and in this way, as he hath told me.

There were already meetings held in Boston, with some care, in time and place, to avoid interruption of the law officers; but these were as cunning as were they brutish, and so often did come upon the place of meeting that my father conceived a method to

Upon opening the door of this (generally fastened), and putting aside a heavy cloth (hardly to be seen in the dark), a step or two led down, and then by a little further passage into a room large enough for their meeting, and lighted with candles, warmed by the next oven's nearness, and the air kept wholesome by openings into the chimney, whereby a draught was made.

They soon feeling secure in this contriving of my father's, caused that first laxness of which I spake, and was near their ruin, coming about in this wise.

One of the officers wanting good bread, and the other baker (of whom he was used to buy) making much poorer than this one who supplied the meeting, the officer thought to try it. In carrying out his desire he brake in so suddenly to the baker's shop one morning, that he got him by the outer guard before due warning could be given to the meeting. Hearing now some rumbling of the underground exhorting, this did suspicion him somewhat; and it now being stopped, he asked what that muffled sound had been. He was somewhat put off by those he questioned, but would needs poke about; and, finally, even opened the cold oven door, where, all being dark, and nought in view except some rubbish of bricks in front, and an old trap, he murmured something of "Rats," and left, with all behind breathing freer, at so narrow an escape.

smith, however, that I do tell you, this evening, your good patience attending.

My father having a pretty plentiful estate, I was free from the hard labour of some, which was, if part good for me, yet some evil, perchance, for I had too much time for fancies and flightiness, with a natural inclining that way at best.

It was when my mind was too full of these things, I being then but eighteen, that I saw, for once and all, the witch of Hammersmith; and it was of my own foolish seeking. I had much heard of her and her league with the evil one, by which she could foretell events; and, having many vapours in my head, of great things to be encompassed by my wit, I must commence by showing my lack of it in consulting a witch for my fortune. Few cared to go to the old crone's cabin, many, indeed, having never seen her; for her glance was said to blight and wither more than it helped.

She had given out that if any would question fate of her it must be at dusk, and a white mist rising from the stream in the wood where she dwelt. Now this mist being chill, rheumy, and unwholesome, and dusk always an elfish time in her wood, with the bats flying and frogs croaking, it wanted some hardihood of body, and a stout heart, to attend her thus; and no one had been known to go twice on such an errand.

My fancies had taken form lately of a-going

Now some have since told me that this must have been her black cat, yet none did say this cat had but one eye, which must have been, and she of special training, else was this green brightness so thrown at me nothing of earthly matter.

The door had slammed behind me as I entered (howbeit a deathly still night and no gust to move it), and at last I made out an old woman, bent over the hearth; and as she muttered there, raking up some embers, they flared up with that same greenish light, by which I saw a face so unearthly as to make me start and shiver, with the suddenness of seeing it, and some cold, it may be. She had a skin as of parchment long yellowed; jaws nearly met, with one only long tooth in each; hair so straggly-flowing as looked like snakes; and eyes red and bleary, yet sharp enough, she turning from the kettle (where a most vile-smelling mixture was a-brewing), and gleaming full at me. Now mumbling, "Brenton's boy, and like him, ay and like his grandsire, and great-grandsire, too, I have known them all; a curse on the whole race of ye!'

She then changed to a coaxing voice, still more horrid to hear than her cursings.

"Come hither, pretty lad, and taste my brew; it will warm and cheer thy very heart, for I have put choice things to it; a fat old toad, I got from heart of rock, where he hath lain these thousand years; a spotted snake, a green lizard, some ravens' livers, and bats'

hearts, with slugs, and snails, and herbs that be called poison, but I know them as rich as they be rare and hard to gather. All these I have, and water, from a nice green pool, though some call it noisome, to boil them in, and other goodies, to spice and relish it."

Now, I, saying nothing yet, through loathing of her and her brewing, which last did, by its vile smell, much sicken me, she turned from me again in anger.

"Then, if thou wilt not sup with me, get gone, lest I tear thee with my long nails. I know thy errand better than thy tongue can tell it. If thou wouldst have thy wish, go quickly, for 'tis close upon the time, and hie thee to the blasted oak, close by the path thou camest.

Go round about the tree thirteen times, from left to right, and listen for the old owl's cry. If he hoot, as his wont is, three times, go thy way, there is no message for thee; but if he call only To-whit! To-whit! then quickly dig with thy knife at the root of the tree, on south side of it, and there shalt thou soon find a ring, telling thee all thou wouldst know. Now go!" she shrieked, and it seemed that her claws were almost upon me (which till then I had not seen the horrid length of her nails, so black), and I e'en fled the door, having not said one word, that was to ask so much.

Once more she yelled at me, as she stood at her door, "my sister knitteth thee some hose

for thy journeying" (of which I had before heard nothing); "and thou wilt find her sitting behind that great rock opposite the oak. Thou shalt know her by her grisliness, having no head, yet knitting very prettily!"

I had heard and seen enough, and fled her fiendish laughter right quickly, till out of breath I reached the oak, and, going about it thirteen times, fell down, so dizzy was I; and there lay a space, with my back to the rock she spake of, not daring to look even at the front of it. "To-whit! To-whit!" hooted the owl, so close at my ear that I thought he had brushed me; and, indeed, it seemed to me he said, "To-what! To-what!" was I brought at last, for I seemed near my death.

I did spirit me up to scrape with my knife, however, and soon found indeed the ring; which, clutching, I ran from the wood with all my speed, as if the old witch or her headless sister was upon me; for, indeed, I wanted no hose of such knitting.

Arrived home at last, I gained my room, unobserved by any, and, bolting the door, quickly lit my candle and read from the inside of the ring (trembling, still, from my fright and labour), "Go forth and prosper."

Now, I had been thinking much of adventuring upon a voyage; and this ring, though come about in such a way, did fasten the thought upon me so that it was ripened to a resolve.

When I bespoke my father of it, he looked

against my father for his committing her, long since, when magistrate, she being convicted of sone specially wicked practice. Knowing his love for me, she thought by separation to wound him most. Now here is the ring, for you all to see whether you can tell the metal of it; which I cannot, nor any that ever I have met. Perchance you can tell me, too, as to that special note of the owl at the blasted oak.

Some to whom I have told this tale, have deemed that the old witch got first to the tree and gave forth the note; but, if so, she was indeed a witch, and must have flown through the air and brushed me as the owl near did; for I was no laggard in running in those days, and from her door to the tree, think none but a witch could have distanced me.

We examined the ring with much of curious interest, as to its metal and workmanship, and then fell to talk about this witch, whether she were indeed one, or no; as, also, of witches in general, whether such things might be; and so, without any final agreement, we separated, long before witch hours.

Jan. 29. The seven are this evening at Mr. Brinley's, who, after giving us some late news from England (that he hath from a Dutch trader), proceedeth with his story.

MR. BRINLEY'S TALE.

THE GHOSTLY REVEL;

OR, THE FAIR NUN'S GIFT.

Mr. Brenton told you a story with a true ring to it, and it is of a ring, also, that I would tell, and how strangely I came by it.

Near Datchet, in Bucks, where I was born, there are two old ruins, not far apart, one of a castle, the other a nunnery, this last being somewhat in better repair, or rather more ruins left of it. It had some name of being haunted, of which report I cared nothing, nor went out of my way nights to escape it, until after the happening of which I am to tell.

Returning late from a neighbouring village, where some business had detained me, it was just upon the stroke of midnight when I came to the ruined nunnery, thinking not of it, till I turned a corner full upon a lighted doorway, from whence came a sound as of music and dancing. The light so dazzled me, coming upon it suddenly, that I did not at first see any one near me, but now perceived that beside the door stood an appearance as of a a knight, fully equipped, who most courteously greeted me.

"We had hoped to see you," said he, "and your partner is even now expecting you at her side, to dance a measure with her."

So I, perforce, entered with him, the door shutting behind us with so heavy a clang as

to shake the earth. A little startled at this, I soon recovered, for all was vastly pleasing within, and eleven knights stood on one side, with twelve most beautiful nuns upon the other, I passing through and taking my place opposite the last, who curtesied most gracefully. She was, though all, as I have said, beautiful, by far the most so, both as to form and feature, and her smile so sweet, her manner so gentle, that one might travel far and not find her equal.

Now did we dance, most gravely and sedately at first, but with more liveliness and merriment soon, having most excellent wine at one end of the room, from a great silver flagon, to which we would, as occasion required, betake us, and pledge each other, in some curiously wrought silver cups. Yet all that we did was in good discretion, without wantonness, as I have ever averred, when telling this tale.

My partner was of such dainty ways and manners, as quite delighted me, the more I talked with her, though the purport of this pleasant converse it mattereth not to tell now, except of the ring. We had danced, and, resting, talked, and anon danced again, until it was, as I after found, near an hour (though it seemed to me we had but commenced) when she, who had been so gay, and blithesome, with pretty sayings, and I think some tenderness toward me, looked up most sadly, and whispering "The time is near when we must

part," glanced quickly about her, as if fearing discovery, then, slipping a ring from off her finger, bade me keep and wear it for her.

"This ring did my father give to me," she said, "and I now give it thee, and as to what it saith within, look not till we have parted, for it is a word that my father said he who rightly took me would like, but which I could not in modesty say of myself, nor even see thee read it. My father dying, I vowed I would love no man, losing him, and so became a nun; yet have we one night in the year when we do dance this measure, which I have done but heavily, till to-night; but now, since meeting thee"—

I was on deciding whether to await her finishing, as she paused a moment, or to clasp her to my heart without the waiting, when there touched me on the arm that same courteous knight (whose courtesy seemed not as great now, to so interrupt), and said:

"Thou art called for, at the door, most urgently."

So, passing one look as we parted (she, most sad, but I joyful, that, my errand done, I should quickly return to her), I went to the door, in some vexation at such rude summoning upon so nice an occasion of nearness and dearness as had been ours, when, stepping briskly out a pace to question of this intrusion upon me, all became black behind, the music stopped; and, as I turned, in some bewilderment, the door shut upon me with that same great clang I heard when entering. I

groped, again and again, in the black outside darkness, for the door, but could find nothing of it; and, at last, worn out with hunting, a crash of thunder coming, with heavy rain, to complete my misery, I got me home, well wet, and saddened, too. By daylight could I not find any appearance, even, of the door where I had entered; and so must I finally give up, what for a long space I tried to find—a way of entrance to the dwelling of that fair nun.

Now, some have said that my merriment and wine were, perchance, at the village, before I came to the ruins; and, that resting there a space, sleep o'ertook me, and dreams, which the thunder and rain broke in upon; but, to such, I but show the ring.

Others there be, who, knowing of some highwaymen oft hard pressed in that country, think it was but their ruse to take some underground room as hiding for them and their plunder, and then do somewhat to mark it as sure haunted; thus frighting people from their hold.

As to the nuns, they were simply the acquaintance of these robbers, so dressed; but my answer to this is, that the consortings of such would not have had the modesty and gentleness I spoke of.

Be this as it may, here is the ring, that, as you examine, you will see is marked inside, "None so fair;" which I did believe then, (as, indeed, she was very fair), though this was before I had seen your good dames and mine.

My wife seemeth to set little store by this ring, and would fain have me melt it to a better shape and use than thus hanging to my chain; but I keep it there, as I do tell her, not for any love of it, now, but that, perchance, some one wiser, seeing it, may tell the meaning of it; none doing so yet, to my satisfaction.

We thought this ring, and the story of it, a good match to Mr. Brenton's witch ring, and that both should be kept, for the present, by them, for further light.

As to the appearance, seen by Mr. Brinley, of the knights and nuns, it was remembered by some that they had heard something of such things, but never any with such direct circumstance as his holding the nun's hand in his.

Feb. 5. The seven are at Mr. Clarke's, and, all being seated, he quickly commenced.

MR. CLARKE'S TALE.

THE WRECKED GALLEON;

OR, THE SECOND COMING OF THE STRANGE VISITOR.

As you know, I was at London, many years, agent for this colony to forward their affairs with my best ability; and, latterly, about the charter, which, once a matter of difference between Mr. Coddington and myself, is now happily healed.

I was in my lodging, in that great city, having done all I could for this charter, and something anxious as to what might come from my labour, when, turning, I saw beside me a most odd-appearing man; though I had heard no door open.

He was a sea-faring visitor, and this is a sea tale, like Mr. Jefferay's; nor is that all the likeness, for the chief wonder of it lieth in this—that the man was of the exact shaping of Mr. Jefferay's visitor, even to the ring in his left ear, only. This ring I noted at the first, and before he spoke, which he did ere I could chide him for the rudeness of his entrance.

"I have sailed," he said, "in your America, from the Isles of Shoals to the Caribbees, and have a message to you from the last; but, first, I would fill my pipe. Have you good store of tobacco?"

"Not good store, my man," said I, "for I use it not, as it somewhat choketh me even when others smoke it near me; still, I see some here that a former lodger hath left."

This took he, without thanks, and before I had done speaking; and, filling his pipe, fell to puffing forth great clouds of smoke, which did choke me as I had said, thinking then he would wait his smoking till he had left me.

"It is of treasure at the Caribbees, I speak," said he, "and of a chance for you to gain it for your own good, and others, too, if you desire it;" using this last as a bait, I afterward

Newport, we'll be over what I intended doing to help ourselves and the poor at Newport.

"It is to this end," said he, "that I have at the moment I seized from Durrell, for the harbour, a fast sea-going vessel, about which we had thought to have made a grand coup on it, which we would have done, but we are called on to make a speedy retreat before actual blows are struck. We are well taken with treasure, but willing for more if a weaker vessel could be had; and also the escape we make with our booty has to be kept up, though we all count it our ship were lulled. The rest, except us, were not aware to our booty, to make themselves if they could; which, however, I have never heard they did.

I then told why I was here, as well as the pleasure there, as my knowledge of these seas and islands as of use to them. However this may be, I was treated decently, and soon found we had a rich freight indeed, besides coin and solid bars of gold to such sums as never could I have dreamed is possible.

She was a good ship, and we should have reached our next port right speedily, but for a hurricane coming upon us so quick we were almost on it ere we could haul aback. We had our full sail, though not very light, and we were before it nearly twelve hours. When it really left us, we lay becalmed near a small rocky island. Beyond this we drifted the current setting that way, and finding by sounding from our boats, a

channel, leading into a good harbour, we drifted and towed into it; safe from all gales, and yet a wreck above our decks.

Now came about a strange mischance, just as all seemed well. The boats had headed to the ship (the towing finished), and every man was in them, either for work at the oars, or ordering of it, except my being on the ship, for steering, as most skillful therein. Before the boats could reach the ship, though so near, an awful roaring, and then a rushing upward of water, was all I knew, except a fearful lifting of the ship, and then a settling that I thought had sunk her.

When I came to, for I had been stunned by the violence of the shock, I found her riding at anchor, and naught to see of men or boats. Then I remembered that we had our anchor ready and cable overhauled, and saw that the throwing up and down of the ship had loosed the anchor, whereby she had run out the cable, and thus anchored herself. As to the men and boats, the rush of water, being chiefly under them, had carried all up in the air, and thrown them far outside the reef into the ocean, where what was left of boats and bodies must have soon drifted away, or sunk. This, I then saw, had been one of those volcanoes that throw up islands often, but in this event only water; though I found we had shoaled our soundings half at our mooring, showing that land had indeed made under us.

Now here was I, with good food, and drink

too (for we carried rich store of wines), gold, more than most men did ever see, and yet did chafe and fret, in this golden prison, that I could not gain either freedom for myself, or any means to carry my treasure where it could be used to some good.

I now determined, that to escape some melancholy, which I was falling into, I would bestir myself, and explore the island, which, indeed, I could see over all parts of, save at the head of the harbour, where a mighty rock did rise, only cleft for a stream, just visible, coming forth from it.

Rigging a kind of raft, I got to the harbour's head with it, and then found, that, though the rock on all other sides did rise as a wall, too steep and high to climb, yet, where I had seen the stream, there was a gradual stepping down of it, in basins, from its starting, half way up the cliff, to the harbour.

Wading up through these terraced basins, the only way to rise (so narrow was the fissure, and steep the sides), I came at last to the top, and found that the stream did gently fall away from the most beautiful lake, of deepest blue in colour, that I believe was ever seen, (small though it was); and a high wall of rock encompassing all (the upper half of the cliff I had come through). Yet, as the outside of this rock was so rough and drear, all of this lining around the lake was of most beautiful polished agate.

Now, close beside me, I saw, riding at her

little cable, fastened to the rock on which I stood, a boat of such strange workmanship that I could not at first come at the material, but soon saw that it was the shell of a great sea-turtle, though many times as large as any I had before met.

It was of handsomer colour, too, and so polished, that, shining in the sun's rays it was like a fairy boat, thought I; and, to prove this, got in and rowed me across the lake, where there seemed a kind of arbour, or grotto.

Indeed, so it did prove; for on my landing and passing a sort of gate of rock, I found myself in a fairy grotto, surely; for the roof and sides were of pinkest coral, dotted with great pearls like stars, and a coral table was set therein for two, with most delicate and beautiful shells for serving. But the greatest wonder was the coral fairy; for so I call her from the place where found, and the loveliness of her complexion, which was of the most beautiful light pink; and the only ornament she wore was a single great diamond in her hair, yet did it light up all within.

She rose to greet me with such grace and sweetness, and was such a vision of beauty in all ways, that I was near blinded at the sight of her.

"Strange visitor," saith she, "thou art welcome, and, after some refreshment and converse on other matters, I will escape thee from this island if that be still thy wish."

But now as we talked, and her beauty grew

on my many and many, with many gentle endearments, perhaps of how she at her own home my take to attract her regard, it seemed less hard to stay upon the island.

Still, she could see there was some motive left to me that way; and, bringing me across the lake in some sadness for we had talked long and tenderly, she said: "I see that then will go to bring others for that gold that we have both seen. You know in how little hours; and when then comest again, bring it with thee, and more love than now then hast from, happy, shalt thou stay with me."

This was so sweetly, yet sadly said, that I did not well think to stay; but that was not enough to say for me to change her a moment. I took the best safety through the breeze, being very light and favorable, and, staying her with words from the edge, started forth on my engaging again.

Many days I sailed, having missed a little course to the east by good fortune through making no head, was taken up by a Dutch brig; and, keeping my secret well, was safely landed in Holland, having good care to bring my boat with me.

My lodgings for a few days, while waiting passage home, was at a Dutch widow's, she being still young and very comely; and, hearing my story of the land and lake, I think, more fancy to me than it would hold in her eyes, she said, till I might more need it, she would some pledge for my return.

Now is my story nearly done; here is a chart to show where the island lieth, and, if further proof thou wouldst have, there is the boat in Holland; which the widow will let go if she gets me, and I am about made up in mind to settle down at last with her, giving thee the treasure, and fairy, too, if thou wilt.

She is more ruddy than the fairy, and more substantial, being very beamy, as we seamen do speak.

What now wouldst thou do in my case; stay here, by the more substantial one, so red-coloured, or go back to the lighter-weighted one, of delicate pink? And dost thou think this last may sure be a fairy? for, I do remember me now, her arms, as they clasped me, were warm; which I know not whether fairy's be."

"Now stay thy tongue a moment," said I, "and, if I can talk with thy smoke near choking me, I will give thee a word of advice.

Talk to me only of thy chart, and not more of ruddys or pinks, nor any other of thy wives, which they do say sailors have in every port.

I know nothing of fairy's arms, whether they be warm or not; and have e'en been satisfied with one good wife."

"At a time, thou meanest!" laughed he, with a most unpleasant mirth.

Now this rudeness, as if he would predict other wives for me, and the losing of mine, did so work me to a rage, that, though of a minister's calling, I rose to punish his inso-

lence, but found nothing but his smoke and chart remaining; though how he left I know not, hearing nor seeing nothing as he went.

Here is the chart for you to look into, with a spot marked in pink upon it for the island, and in the corner a mark as if the evil one had put his coat armour there. I have never been to find the boat, nor to the island without it; but will pass my rights to any who care try.

At this last we could but laugh; and, looking over the chart with much interest, fell to talking of this strange visitor's second coming in so odd a manner (forty years after his first, though not seeming to have aged in looks), and then of his story.

Some thought it better, if any were to try for the treasure, to go without the boat, as that might hold the comer to the fairy, if fairy she were; while others thought the boat might be necessary if the treasure were to be found; these last thinking so gentle a fairy might do no harm, especially if her blood were warm, as related, which to them did show she was no witch, at least, for their blood runneth cold.

One, indeed, declared the whole story was either false, or, if the strange visitor was wrecked and rescued, he must have been out of his head for a space, and seen his fairy and her grotto then.

Feb. 12. The seven at Mr. Vaughan's, and he telleth the last tale.

MR. VAUGHAN'S TALE.

THE WHITE HERON OF BEDFORDSHIRE;

OR, HOW A WHITE FEATHER MAY NOT SHOW A COWARD.

This is a tale told unto me by my wife, she having heard it from her father, the king's faulconer, and thus it runs (the length thereof being his, not mine, so to be excused):

That princely art of hawking, which already waneth somewhat, and I fear may decline the more (though none so noble to follow), I have e'en done my best to maintain, since I knew wh at a faulcon was; and my brother Symon ha th writ a book, wherein he sets forth the uses and curious ways of hawks and hawking.

It grieveth me sore to see any ebb in this sport, which hath been my labour as well as joy; but what vexeth me still more, at times when I will let my mind dwell on it, is how I could never rightly come at that great white heron of Bedford, and it is of this I must tell.

What I relate befell me in my youth, when, though well trained in faulconry, I had not yet any advancement under prince or king, not having come to that service yet. Still had I much skill, if report spake true, and hawked it with some other gentlemen of our county; flying oft faulcons also for my own behoof. It was when upon this last doing, one day, that I first saw the white heron. He

presently. Of this I will now relate; for still I followed him, though warned by ancient people that he was a wraith, and of ill he might do me, the peril double since the cursing that I almost did allow to. Now the way of my near undoing, and thus not able to tell this tale, was as follows:

I had promised, in a kind of jest, to a young maid (my once schoolmate, but now growing into some prettiness, as I did begin to think), that I would give her one of the plumes of this bird, when I had got him. So, whenever her I did meet, she would put on a pretty anxiety, though rather saucy under it, and say, "Now I know thou hast my plume, and I can write my letter;" for she had a letter, she said, which she would only write by a pen fashioned of that plume. When I said I had it not, she would be much disappointed, or seem to, and sometimes flout me a little, as—she did not believe I did truly mean it for her, and such like; which ever made me more resolved she should have it, for spite of her words, if nothing else.

On the day of which I speak, the white heron had drawn me on, in chase of him, through the marsh, until, just at dusk (his favourite time for flying), I was close upon a black and most noisome quagmire, and he so near that, in reaching, I almost touched him; but, missing him, made no such miss of the mire, wherein I was near smothered, and

had not a branch held true, that grew o'er the side of it, had surely then lost my life.

I had hoped to escape any passing on my way home; but, just at the stile, whom should I come fairly upon but that maid I spoke of, who, startled at first, fell back, and then to laughing as though she might never stop. "Faith," said she, "thou must not look so grave, but let me laugh a space!" and then, when she had her breath, she said, most pertly, as it seemed to me: "Now, surely it hath been a black heron thou huntest, for, certes, thou art arrayed in his plumage!"

And, indeed, I was as black from the mire as might have been any sweep from his soot.

Now I was something nettled at this jeering; and when she made pretence of looking sadly, and said, "Alas for my white feather, and my poor letter waiting!" I made short answer—"Thou hast come near losing me, as well as thy white feather; not that thou carest for my loss."

It was a churlish speech; and, turning then, and seeing her so white and piteous looking for the danger I had been in, I repented me sore for what I had said.

She only answered, "I am most sorry for thy danger, and—" (here she halted for a moment) "I surely would not lose thee."

Now did my heart leap within me, to think it possible her heart could yet be mine; for I had been much drawn to her in spite of her

sometimes jeering me (albeit so prettily done that it liked me to have her).

So I quickly said: "If thou canst love one so clumsy of speech as I have been, I pray thee take me forever; for, trust me, I do love thee with my whole heart."

"And I, thee," she said (so soft and low that I did hold my breath), "and have known thy love lately, hoping to tell thee of mine if thou would but give me the chance."

Now this owning of her love (with the sweet roguishness at the end of it, which I did well deserve) did almost distract me, as how to get her to my heart in these blackened clothes of mine; but love hath ever found a way, and so did we.

Then fell I into a flood of questionings of her; as to how it could be possible she loved me? when first? would she always do so? and was she not afraid to spoil me by so much as she was giving? and, lastly, as to who was to have that letter when I got her the plume? When I gave her fair chance to answer, she said:

"If I can remember all, I will answer thee truly; and, first, as to the being possible, I could not help it, fashioned as thou art (though I mean not of thy present outward garb of black!); and the beginning of it, I scarce can remember; but the ending, never, dearest. As to my fear of spoiling thee by such bounty of it, indeed hath it been said truly, 'love's bounty ne'er needed salt to keep

[illegible] with the servant, but as to that person and letter, I had a little secret which indeed, I must now tell, having none from thee hence forth.

Yet did she hesitate a little, and then said, "If thou didst note the picture I brought to fashion of it a pen, and wrote therewith a message to those of my love, and placed it in a locket, which I kept closed. I wear it on my neck still, but should be loose if thou didst show me. For if I shall understand, hence that should thou knew how much I loved thee."

This, with a little trouble as she spoke the last of it, did so affection me the more, it that now possible that I would stay, then have started anew for the prince, if I could but note that without the [illegible] [illegible], though much I wished the whole. But here she stayed me.

"Then ye seem so dear to me," she said, "it deeper can be, and I do owe so [illegible] the [illegible] of thy speed that I would fain have thee [illegible] to and write my message with another pen, though it troubleth now on me to tell my love. Besides," she saith, "I am grown to quite a woman to have my mind so full of love, and have a claim on thee to spare thyself danger for me."

This, in so pretty a way of speech, and a straightening so pretty to show how child-hood was left behind though only then so, unknown, that I did at first think to give up my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

her so, that I said, "Once more let me try, and, failing, I will give up, indeed, forever; and, yet, thou knowest not how hard that may be."

"I think I do know something of it," she said, "and, also, of how sweet to men to prevail over us, as showing them their power on our poor hearts; but I know my power, too, and have sweet content thereof; for I may but say it and thou wilt stay thy chase. Go, however, this once; and do keep thyself safe, dearest; and so in God's hands I trust thee."

It was so like a prayer for me that I believed it would cure my curse upon the bird; and, indeed, I was near ready to bless that heron as a means of my knowing her love.

So once again I started forth, the next day, and, following carefully, as not to make my one trial a failure, at eve did come to the edge of that great cliff that o'erhangs the south edge of the marsh; and, strange to tell, did start my quarry at that very edge.

Now was I so wild that my beloved should have her plume, that, forgetting all else, I leaped fair at him as he rose to clear me, and did indeed seize one feather of him, which, rest sure I did clutch as a drowning man a straw.

He gave a most horrid shriek, as of a spirit lost, and I went hurling through the air to certain death, as seemed, and would have been but for some growth out of trees below me on that side the cliff, which, yielding and

breaking, let me through to the ground, well bruised and scratched; and there I lay some time, to gather my senses, thank God for my escape, and wonder how much I durst tell my love; when lo! she, turning the path, stood before me.

Putting a good face on, I said, "here is thy plume, my own, and now for the letter, so soon as pen is fashioned."

She did look at me for but one moment, ere she knew the danger I had been in.

"What has it cost thee," she said, trembling and affrighted, as I drew her to me.

"If I, too, must have no secrets, then," said I, "it did cost but a short flight in the air; for, taking one plume from out that bird at the top of this cliff, it did so lightly bear me, that, save some holes through these branches, and a few in my apparel, that thou shalt mend by my fireside, when thou art my wife (in a scant week's time), I am, indeed, safe and sound throughout."

Now did she first pale and clutch me to her heart, and then so inveigh at that bird, that, albeit, knowing her spirit (though always so tender to me), I could not but marvel.

"Wicked bird!" said she, "who wouldst have my own beloved's life, and I could gain thee, I would tear thy black heart from out thy white body, with these little hands of mine."

And, truth to tell, I think she would, for so she e'en looked. Now, after more tenderness

to me, and after much assuring that I had no hurt, did she bid me tell her more closely about the whole befalling; and then we both did wonder, looking at that height, from which I came (near an hundred feet), that even the branches had 'scaped me. So, with first a prayer on her lips, which my heart did echo, of thankfulness to God, for his only help, we got us home.

Now, the chase over, for all and forever, I thought the white heron had given me peace, as I was ready to do for him. But more befell, for, my love, upon that very evening, or about dusk, having fashioned a pen of the plume, was but trying its point on her hand, ere using it, when it did so scratch into her flesh, though on light pressing, that the blood broke forth, and in such quantity that, not quickly able to staunch it, there seemed danger that life itself might go with the blood. Now did she again show that spirit of which I spake; for, dipping her pen in the blood, she wrote quickly, on the vellum—"Dearest, to my heart's blood I love thee; keep this near thine." Then, placing in the locket, and that next her heart, she laid down her pen; for, as she told me, she doubted something if she should live, and more whether that bird would not try some other art. It was well she was quick, for no sooner had she safely hid her locket (or mine), than the plume, as if alive, did whirl from the table, and through the open window, as from a gust behind

[illegible] so close upon me and never saw so great a [illegible] such a shock as it [illegible] to bring back his own.

Then did the blood stanch, and never since have I seen that face, but once, for young Lee to his mother, with my wife, we all [illegible] being required there. I was about [illegible] Buckinghamshire, and was sure but [illegible] returned to [illegible] at home. Whether [illegible] or wrath I know not nor surely whether to [illegible] rather regret I [illegible] or thought on [illegible] these old days of mine can not be [illegible], methinks, as of [illegible] [illegible] some who [illegible], or [illegible]. I [illegible] him no more, and [illegible] [illegible] with the [illegible] of him, and that he [illegible] [illegible] my locket, which, since it [illegible] who's heart has ever been [illegible] to mine.

There following [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible], as to whether it was [illegible] a spark, or only some [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with a [illegible] [illegible]. Mrs. Langham was called in, as to her [illegible] [illegible] it. She said her father never missed one [illegible] to compare with that, and that his last [illegible] was that the heavy [illegible] [illegible], his passing [illegible] it made a great [illegible], [illegible] his [illegible].

To this there was some agreement, and [illegible] [illegible], and so we went our ways.

Sept. 25, Thursday. A good [illegible] for [illegible], [illegible], and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Dec. 31, Friday. My brother, Daniel Gould, returned to us at the end of this year, from a voyage to Maryland, where he hath laboured as a minister for the Quakers, or Friends, as they will call them. He purposeth other travels to thus witness his belief.

The year endeth with all of my family in good health; for which, God be praised.

1670. Feb. 23, Wednesday. Mr. Wickenden, of Providence, died, sometime minister there for the Baptists. His name dieth, also, having left no sons, though daughters, married, that have children.

Mr. Knowles, of Warwick, died last month.

Apr. 28, Thursday. Mr. Freeborn, of Portsmouth, died, leaving one son to bear his name.

Aug. 1, Monday. There is much dispute lately, on the rights of Rhode Island as against Connecticut, at Wickford; constables of both colonies calling juries to serve, with imprisonment of their's (Mr. Eldred), by us. It is like to be finally settled as our land throughout Narragansett.

Dec. 31. The year goeth out on a Saturday. Mercies continue to me, more than I deserve; my wife, a stay always, my children, a comfort to us both; my hope and trust in Heaven, which seemeth nearer than once it did.

1671. Mar. 2. Mr. Easton taketh a third wife, Ann Clayton, by name. His eldest son was married near thirty years since.

May 25, Thursday. Mr. Borden died at Portsmouth, where I shall go to his funeral, if I be well enough, having had some rheum in my legs; whereof, though better, I am still stiffened in my joints. When last I called on him, he showed me a silver bowl of good workmanship, that he valued at £3 or more; setting also much store by it from some remembrance of friends and good cheer with it.

May 30. 'Tis hard for me to give up my boat cruising, tho' aging now for such sport. To-day I sailed around Brenton's Reef, and eastward till I was close upon Cormorant Rock, ere I turned me home again.

June 1, Thursday. Making another short cruise in my boat, to-day, I came upon a handsome seal, so close that I quickly shot him; having my gun with me by good fortune. His eyes looked at me so softly sad, ere he died, as did seem to reproach me for my act; and I did near repent it. I think it is from this human look (and able to climb rocks as well as swim) that the many stories of mermaids and mermen have come. I do remember when at the eastward, years since, the hearing a tale of a merman who put his hand upon the boat's side and looked in; but believe now it was but a seal, indeed. They here are but occasional visitors, as sea-turtles, also.

June 10. Mr. Easton and Mr. Bull called upon me, hoping to hear some late news of my brother Gould, now on a second voyage

to Maryland, in his ministry for the Quakers. I could not give them much, as yet, and then we fell to talking of the great growth of their religion here, they having it much at heart, and both believe still greater following is to come, with an assurance in their minds that theirs is the only path.

So are we all like to feel as to paths we follow; but if we go rightly, as we are led, without hindrance to others in their paths, I cannot but think that, whether they be straighter or more devious, they may yet all come together at last, and, so, to God. He continueth always our good shepherd, but his sheep stray much ere they obey his voice.

The going forth of my wife's brother upon his travels hath set me towards doing somewhat, also, in journeying; though not upon a like religious visit. My old friend, Mr. Willett, whom I met many years since in one of his ventures for trade on the Kennebec, hath, since his retirement from New York, established a home at Swanzey, as now called, and there do I soon visit him, if my present health and disposition hold.

June 15, Thursday. Set off for Mr. Willett's to-day, upon my horse, as far as the north shore of Portsmouth, which reaching by noon, after pledging in Mr. Baulstone's claret, and leaving my horse to be returned, went on in a shallop, which, unlading at Mr. Willett's, will, in a few days, return me to Newport.

He hath cattle, sheep, and horses in plenty, and large amount of land here, at Rehoboth, and at Narragansett, with dwelling-houses, warehouse, and vessels for the sea, in one of which I came, and shall soon return.

He hath much interest in the church at Plymouth, Rehoboth, and Swanzey, and liketh the minister here, Mr. Myles, who, calling while I was there, we advantaged by his talk. Mr. James Brown also called; brother-in-law to Mr. Willett, and son of Mr. John Brown, late deceased, of Rehoboth, a leading man there.

Mr. Willett hath shown me the graves of his wife Mary, and her parents, at the head of the cove near his house, where also he shall lie, he saith.

June 18, Sunday. Went to hear Mr. Myles preach, in the Baptist way. A good sermon, well set forth. He had a church in Wales, before settling here.

June 19. Returned to Newport safely, there finding all well. I am getting, now, into years for voyagings, and must soon abate them, for I have had my share, long since.

Nov. 10. I should have noted, some months since, the marriage of Mr. John Clarke, to the widow Fletcher. His second marriage, but nought to do with the Strange Visitor's prophecy, as at the Seven Club recently related.

Dec. 23. Some now leave the regular Baptist way for Seventh Day observances, and are to-day (Saturday) gathering themselves

[illegible] Observers Mr Hewes [illegible] will be their ministers, Mr Hathaway, Mr Woodford, &c. There nothing but the Methodist church now.

Mr Jenckes hath now come to the Pawtucket Falls, there he established his forge and slitting mill, which he used for many of Parliament his years after but is now occupied therefrom. He is a skilful worker in iron, as his father was before him, at Lynn in Massachusetts.

Mr Thomas Man died this year here. He married a widow Gallagher of Mr Williams' and children. At Portsmouth, Mr Sanford died.

1692. Feb. 12 Saturday. Did hear a sermon of Mr Hewes, the minister for that new Seventh Day Church, which hath of late separated from the other Baptists, after long discourse upon both sides. The new church pretends to more degree, as ever now things do take hold on mine, and so doubt it may be a conviction to many. There be now three Baptist churches here, and a very large meeting of Quakers, drawn from these two Baptists.

Aug. 6 Friday. Mr Williams hath now all the way from Providence, behind a despatches with the Queen's letter, which encouraged to-day the Lottery erected, to his [illegible] about midnight yesterday. On this same day a considerable [illegible] of the new Lottery

o'ercast with blackness; called, by some, an eclipse.

Aug. 29. Mr. Stanton, of this town, died, being of a Thursday.

This year Mr. Clarke was again chosen our Agent to England, where his watchfulness for us hath been already seen in twelve years of faithful work. He now goeth to manage our appeal, to His Majesty, against "the violent and illegal intrusions of Connecticut," as we have set forth. Truly it seemeth that our little colony is tightly hemmed about, with the claims of Connecticut on one border, and Massachusetts upon the other. Yet shall we live, methinks, an happy example to the world, for time to come, of a State flourishing in peace and plenty, without troubling any man's conscience. We have Mr. Easton for our Governor, this year, and are like to have other Quakers govern us much for the future, they growing very strong here.

Some negroes are brought now in sloops from Barbadoes, which island hath them from Africa, and are used here as slaves. I like not the trade, nor some venturing from here by a few that cometh too near piracy. I hope it groweth not in time to come.

We have some distilling of rum here, now, from our Barbadoes molasses.

Unless some signs fail, my daughter Sarah hath lost her heart; for I do perceive, of late, a new kind of both pride and humility in her (a seeming paradox, and yet explainable).

The pride is of that nobler sort, which first wakens in a maid when her heart (rightly touched) teaches her what wealth it has to give another. The humility comes of some new-born fears lest faults and weaknesses (now clearer seen than afore) may, unless cured, wear into the soul of a good man, in the space of life's travel together.

There has a gentleness come over her, also, that sets vastly well. Her brother and sisters do scarce understand how she, who did at times task them so sharply on their duties, and did stand so for her own rights, can have become so seeming tame.

Her mother and I read her more clearly; and, as she turns to us with this new gentleness in her eyes, know, as well as if she had made speech of it, that now (as life broadens and deepens) a new understanding of our love and care for her has come; and that she sees how our correctings, even (tiresome or needless seeming), were in love, to cure a fault, or a weakness that should grow to one.

Her look seems to say that she would e'en tarry with us awhile (if she could, but for this other love!), to be a new comfort; understanding life, and us, in a better way than once she did.

How doth this love transform all things! what a new world hath now opened to her! Never was sky so bright, air so sweet, or earth so beautiful, in field, wood, stream, dell, and dale. Life seems only fairly begun to this

maid of ours; yet, would she give up all for the heart that is hers. Indeed, so would he for her (as proved lately in some peril together at the cliffs); but I trust they shall have many years together, of hearty loving and right living. I know him to be a steady, truthful youth, which is good to commence upon, as having a sureness of foundation.

1673. Jul. 14, Monday. Went with Mr. Barker across the water to Sekonit, he thinking to purchase soon some lands there, from Awansuck, the squaw sachem.

Here found we Mr. Benjamin Church, in some negotiation with her as to his planting and building, which he desireth sometime to do, there being, as yet, no English there.

Mr. Church hath much knowledge of the Indians, and their manner of warring; and fears trouble may yet come from King Philip (as called by the English), who groweth restless and uneasy on some esteemed provokings.

I hope I may see no more of Indian war, in this, my old age; though, if it e'en must come, I have some strength left to engage in it. But no war is more cruel and bloody than an Indian war (albeit any is cruel, and most are needless), and I trust none is to come in either my day or my children's.

Oct. 26, Sunday. Mr. Waterman, of Providence, died. In early years a great hunter while at the Bay, which, leaving on some per-

secutions, he was a valued man at Warwick and Providence.

Jeremy Osborne, schoolmaster here, died this year.

Thomas Cornell has suffered death for the murder of his mother, in Portsmouth, as claimed; though by some doubted on account of testimony not relevant, as of an apparition that John Briggs saw in a dream and spoke with. The widow hath named a child (born since, as I suppose), Innocent; which, perchance, is her belief of her husband. He did request that his body be buried by his mother, which was refused.

This year was my daughter Sarah and Mr. Barker's eldest son (James, also) married; much to their own satisfaction and their parents'. While it hath grieved me to lose another daughter from my hearthstone, yet I am glad she hath given her heart to so worthy a man.

There hath been great preparing for this wedding at my house, until I thought it had been turned inside out; and my poor wife well tired at last, with the cleaning and furbishing, the clothes to be made ready, and my daughter's portion of linen and woolen (all of her own and her mother's spinning), and the dinner that must be after the wedding. There was present at the dinner, besides mine own household, my daughter Mary and her husband, Mr. Greene; Mr. Barker and his wife Mistress Barbara, with their children

that could come (viz.: the eldest, Elizabeth, and her husband, Mr. Easton; Mary and her husband, Mr. Smith; Christiana and William Barker). Of the Goulds, there was my wife's brother Daniel, and his wife Wait, who, being Quakers, had much sorrow that the marriage was not in their way. Mistress Vaughan, the grandmother of the bridegroom, came, also, with her husband. She giveth but one present at the marriage of each grandchild, always a silver cup, to be for the first born great-grandchild. She hath had inscribed on one side of this, the Latham arms, and desiring mine own on the other, as now joined in this marriage, it hath been done. Both families have long borne arms, regularly come by in ancient times, though some others do now claim arms on slight ground, if report be true, having no warrant therefor.

Mrs. Vaughan hath told us something of her girlhood days, when she went with her father a-hawking, he attending the king. She hath showed me a book of her uncle, Symon Latham, on hawking; very curious, with an acrostic; which latter minds me to make one, on some occasion. Mrs. Vaughan's sons, Mr. Dungan, and Mr. Clarke, sent tokens, as did her daughters, Mrs. Holden, and Mrs. Cranston. So we sat a score and one at table, which was as bravely set forth with viands as we could well make.

For fish, there was as handsome a salmon as ever I saw (and I know all fish well, from

my early engaging in their taking, and curing), and that blue fish, of which I have before spoke, as so delectable a kind, when freshly caught.

Of fowl we had both turkeys and geese, specially fatted on good grain; and for meat a pasty, made from as good a haunch of venison as I could procure by some days' notice to the Indian, who hunted the deer for me. After these, with their garnishings, there was a kind of New England pie, made from those pumpkins that the Indians do grow among their corn, baked, after mixing it (boiled and mashed) with milk and eggs. We had, also, as remembrance of Old England, a goodly plum pudding, rightly set forth with brandy. Some of our own brewed beer, cider, and claret had of Mr. Baulstone, did furnish us good drink enough, and I heard not that any went away unsatisfied.

Mr. Barker hath done what he could, and I something more than he (as more able), to supply a furnishing for the house that his son doth hire at present, he meaning finally that his own house shall be for his son, as eldest born. I hope so happy a beginning may make as good an ending, after many years together of peaceful living, hopefully content, doing what seemeth best day by day, as they more and more swiftly pass.

Dec. 25, Thursday. Christmas again; that always bringeth to my mind the old days in Merrie England, even to the time of good

Queen Bess, for I was a lad of more than ten years when she did die. I see (as clear now as then) my grave father and gentle mother, passing a look of love to one another, and then turning toward their children, to forward our happiness, with some little tokens for Christmastide. We were a large family at that time, for, all at home, we numbered eleven; more than mine own at any time, now still further lessened by marriage and going forth of two of my daughters. We take dinner to-day at my brother Gould's, though he calleth it not anything special to the day, as not believing in the keeping of any days or seasons.

Dec. 31. My accustomed casting up of accounts, and counting of mercies to me and mine during the year.

1674. Aug. 4, Tuesday. Mr. Willett died. I thought not he, whom I so lately talked with, would have gone before me, his elder.

Dec. 1. Another death (the first one of our Seven Club to be called). Mr. Brenton, a few years since our Governor, hath, indeed, lately gone to his home above; which may serve as a warning, that those of us who yet linger must prepare for that other mansion not made with hands.

Mr. Brenton was a man of large affairs, both in a public way, and his own, having a very good estate for these parts; some by his own labour procured, and some, I think,

[illegible] with [illegible] Thomasville. His household here, [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] at Concord, [illegible] [illegible], [illegible], Mecklenburg, [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible], with [illegible] at [illegible] Head and Elizabeth [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible], [illegible] great [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of household, [illegible] and sheep, besides an interest in some [illegible].

He drew up his own [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and attached it to his will to prevent [illegible]. I [illegible] [illegible] be [illegible] with a [illegible] to Mr. Hugh Williams, of Providence, to [illegible] and a [illegible], which will be the [illegible] [illegible], as Mr. Williams having [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The harvest was the largest I have seen, by [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] in the [illegible] of [illegible].

Dec. 2, Wednesday. Mr. Thomas Clarke died here. He leaves his estate to the [illegible] of his brother Joseph.

Another death this week has been Mr. Lee's, while on a visit to England.

Dec. 8. Dr. Cranston, our great physician and friend, [illegible] that with our [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] special [illegible], I [illegible] see the year out, though now drawing to its close.

I have, therefore, put my house in order for the great change, and in any will that [illegible]

made), have provided, as my estate will allow, for my dear wife and children.

My eldest daughter, Mary, hath been sometime wife to John Greene, and I have made her executrix; giving her some London estate received by me from my mother's will. Sarah hath lately married James Barker, Jr., and I believe there is a leaning in Susannah toward one Edward Thurston, Jr., and of Priscilla to Thomas Coddington (son of our now Governor, by his third wife, who is a sister of Mr. Brinley). I think they be all hopeful young men.

To my son Thomas I have given houses and tenements, &c., owned by me in England (all save what I give to my daughter, Mary Greene), and I hope he may see that old home, whether he remaineth in England or not.

And this hath set my mind strongly, tonight, toward those places wherein my youth was spent; especially to Chiddingly. I see again the house, the fields, the garden, all as of yore; with the church that I attended, and the people who sat therein. Aye, and those ancient rooks, in solemn flight to and fro. 'Tis an old man's fanciful way thus to turn to his childhood in his later days, they say, but it is, indeed, pleasant so to dwell; and brings some comfort, as well as sadness, with the remembrance.

The sun is close to setting, now. Things that had seemed of grave import (matters to

be straightened, errors in others to be shaken) prevail not with me as I near the gate; but that which seemeth the best is peace; aye, peace for all men, instead of petty strife. Live by the golden rule, and peace shall then, indeed, come to us all.

My hand graspeth this pen but feebly, yet it may still hold my wife's awhile; that dear hand that hath always had a leading toward God.

1675. Jan. 1, Friday. I thought not to see this year open. Already my gazing has in it a dimness; but hope is within, love beside me, and beyond; so all is well, and peace cometh.

NOTES BY THE EDITOR.

1. Mr. Jefferay died Jan. 2, 1675; and it may be of interest, to some readers of his journal, to know how soon the other members of the Seven Club followed him and Mr. Brenton. The next death was that of Mr. Clarke, April 20, 1676; then Mr. Vaughan, in the summer of 1677; Mr. Arnold, June 19, 1678; Mr. Coddington, Nov. 1, 1678; and, last of all, Mr. Brinley, in the autumn of 1719; he being much younger than the other members of the club (some forty years the junior of Mr. Jefferay).

2. The epitaph to Mr. Jefferay, from his gravestone in Newport cemetery, has been already given in the preface to this work. There are other interesting memorials in this old enclosure, notably the one to the falconer Latham's daughter, "Frances Vaughan, Alius Clarke," 1677, so often mentioned by Mr. Jefferay. Also one to "John Cranston, Esq., Gov'r," 1680 (the "good physician and friend" of the journalist), who married a daughter of Mrs. Vaughan, by one of her earlier husbands.

3. Mr. Jefferay's descendants are very numerous, to-day, through his daughters, Mary Greene, Susanna Thurston, and Sarah Barker. His daughter Priscilla Coddington, had two chil-

dren, but they died young. As to his son, Thomas Jefferay, it is believed that he went to England, where he had interests acquired under the wills of his father, uncle, and grandfather, as the reader will have observed. His name is not found upon Newport records, nor any evidence of his residence there; though he was an adult (or nearly so), presumably, at his father's death.

4. Should any reader chance to make pilgrimage so far as Chiddingly, let him visit the old church with its Jefferay effigies and epitaphs. Go, also, to The Peaks; for, though the original house is now gone (save, perhaps, the kitchen part of the farm-house now there), yet still remaining are the green fields, and the dusky rooks, descendants of those that cawed their mournful farewell to Jefferay, ere he left his native land. Visit, also, Lewes, for its castle and battleground; and go to Beachy Head, and Battle Abbey, as Jefferay did. If at London, one may still find Watling street; but will look in vain for the sign of the Golden Key, modern buildings now occupying the site. Over at Southwark, the old inns, mentioned by Jefferay, have long since gone (the Tabard, Fleur de Lys, and Cordelyon); but the church of St. Saviour's still remains, and is well worth a visit. At Cambridge, visit Caius college, with its Gate of Honour, as of old; and see King's chapel.

A DREAM OF TRUE VALUES;

OR,

THE JUST BALANCES.

A DREAM OF TRUE VALUES;

OR,

THE JUST BALANCES.

This dream I had in the first year of my coming to live at Newport, and, though I did write it down (on some persuasion of my wife), yet put it not in my Journal, as being, perchance, too fanciful for sober relation. Howbeit, there was so much of seeming real in it that it did move me strangely, and may seem of enough note (to others) to place at the last, should all be printed.

The first thing that I did see, in this dream, was an assembly, of some dozen men or so, engaged in talk, parts of which I could not but hear, they passing and repassing as though I were not.

I soon perceived that they were of many callings, as merchant, goldsmith, yeoman, cordwainer, smith, mariner, soldier, scholar, lawyer, physician, bishop, lord; and one other, the busiest of all, yet what about I could not tell.

Though all talking so earnestly together, they would, ever and anon, glance toward a little rising ground, or mound, whereon was set a silken tent, or canopy, with something brightly gleam-

ing therein. Approaching it, I then saw that this brightness proceeded from a pair of balances, of golden metal made, and so great that the largest man might step thereon to try his weight.

A most beautiful being in white (seeming like an angel) stood by these scales, having a girdle hung about with medals, of gold, silver, and brass. It suddenly came to me (as often in dreams our dull wits are helped) that here was to be a weighing of men at true value, with medals of three qualities then given. Man's view of his own worth, or of others', counted not, nor did his calling, place, or religion. When once he stepped on these balances he had no power to leave till weighed, and he must wear his medal a year, until another weighing, which was for those failing now to gain the best, or golden ones.

The time not being quite come for the weighing, gave the more space for talk, which was so well used that I had some trouble to learn what it was about, though no scruple to listen, for all was loudly said, with no concealment.

Presently, as if for my better help (though none observed me), they would stop, by twos, ere passing me, and in these short pauses I got some meaning of their discourse. Indeed, they did talk right well, so that I was near convinced oft when one had finished, only to be shaken when the other replied; and it did seem as if even those Just Balances might be deceived, if that were possible.

head so filled with thine own importance, that I doubt much the wisdom of replying to such folly as thou hast uttered, the best of it being but half truth, the most dangerous kind for lodgment. Indeed, thou hast but half lived as yet. Yonder cobbler has more wisdom, and real wealth, than thou, in spite of thy cash-box, goods, and houses."

I thought the merchant would have choked, so purple did his face show, at this dispraise, where he had thought for commendation. But the goldsmith went on: "Every calling is honourable, if a man make it so, whether he be merchant, lawyer, doctor, labourer, or whatsoever; and thou doest ill in vaunting thine own at a neighbour's expense. As to thy special success, it is a word to be carefully used, and thy kind is pitiful enough; for thou hast starved all but thy body, and attained naught by it but dross. What thou hast thou knowest not how to use. Turn about, man, and see and hear things that have been dead to thee in thy blind and heedless following of wealth alone. Practice still thy industry and frugality, but rise not on the fall of others, nor on their want of thrift. Teach them the lesson of it, if, haply, they were born deficient, or grown careless; and see if some tenant deserve not a little waiting for, or even helping. One who is now mine, but was thy tenant, till turned out, for missing a payment (though beforetimes prompt), had sickness and death in his household, with their expense to meet, of which thou caredst not to know. Ply

well thy calling, but when the key is turned think of other things; a walk in the fields or woods, with child or friend; a better acquaintance with thy family at home, and with books and paintings. Take more holidays, and give more, too; learn to live rightly, for thou hast been like a man alone, and half starved; not knowing thy hunger, being so wrapped about in thoughts of but one thing."

I had but time to see the merchant's amazement at being twice called a starveling, when, these two passing, there came close upon me the smith and cordwainer, in serious speech. The smith had, it seemed, grown into much discontent with his lot, as not equal with most others (though he as deserving); and many at the ale-house, which he too much visited, did give him sympathy, pledging at his expense. This bitterness of lots, growing in his mind, had made him some neglect his work of late.

The cordwainer had different views of life, and lots therein; "For," said he, "it is, I believe, mostly idle talk which one hears, of 'different conditions,' 'unhappy lots,' &c. If some are born to more good things than we, or, if others do gain more and faster, why fret at what is no fault of ours, nor special business, either. If the gain was unjustly made, we surely should not envy; and, if justly, we may try whether our special kind of wit may gain like good things, repining not if we fail. For all good things are not of money, place, or power. Others remain. My lord, over there, whose

tenant I am, is a just man, and no oppressor of any.

If he did oppress me, having a good trade (and loving independence as much as any), I should bide my time to take it elsewhere. Now, sometimes when he cometh to order his boots, or on other occasion, we have much pleasant talk together; and what thinkest thou about? Not his troubles or mine (though I warrant thee he has sore ones, as have all), but he telleth me of a stream for good fishing, which I can try of a holiday, or Sunday, after church; and then, perhaps, questions me of the last coin I have got, or tells of one that he has gained. He and I are both great fishermen, and collectors of coins, besides having other things in common.

My calling, for thirty years plied, has brought many odd coins to me, which, besides the pleasure of gathering and exchanging, may yield a pretty profit, yet; for they are becoming more than I can afford to keep. Nor am I discontented that we must finally part (though something loth), for they will be seen otherwheres, of many, when gone from me.

So, from each of my customers (and the many others who like to drop in upon a cobbler, to rest themselves with the music of his hammer), I am ever gaining some knowledge of men, of books, and of nature. My work goes on, with something added each year for time of sickness or old age, and I live as happy a life as most, I do believe; not without troubles, but escaping some that others have. I might well use some

never fortune, it is true, to wave their war-flags and sunbeams have shone, nor would be pleasant, but why replies what I serve as spirit, and to what good, even if I had not?

"My neighbour smiles on to the sea-house [illegible] but here he enjoys [illegible] good fortune; replies in the strength of the great night sea, and the skill of the horse, [illegible] more swift of all except eyelets, which, indeed, could be [illegible] but so good a trade as them [illegible]."

But soon, there passing, there was come before me the soldier and mariner, and bowed as three, as but was their speech to one another.

The soldier did hold the gentleness [illegible] he was an officer, to be the ship was worthy a man of spirit, who would earn thereby much distinction. The mariner [illegible] not, might was right, and glory for self and country was the end to be sought. He related how he had fought on many seas and showed the scars on his sword-hilt of the numbers killed in his wars of conquest.

The mariner in reply said that [illegible] was, in the main, done as useless as cruel, and ought to be stopped in whatever form it appears. He was even with pirates, and a few other [illegible] names, but considered [illegible] wars [illegible] He cited a powerful number, ruthlessly murdered, at which the soldier said he had been one of the invaders, and [illegible] still like a coward. "Aye," said the mariner, "I do, and a disgrace to the name of soldier, for the [illegible] of such conquest."

At these words, out came the soldier's sword as quick as a flash to thrust through the speaker; but, quicker yet, was the blow from the mariner that followed the first drawing, and a grasp on the throat did now nearly shut off the soldier's breath. Wrenching away the sword and breaking it in twain, "I give thee thy life" (said the mariner), "hitherto so useless. Be henceforth a soldier, indeed, and mock not a noble calling."

While I was still some moved by the quick fierceness of this encounter, they had passed on; and there came before me the physician and lawyer, talking of old college days at Oxford; their youthful dreams, and how realized.

It seems they had planned, as young men, the one to become great in the law, with preferment following, and such well-earned renown of his fellows as could not but give great content. The other's hope had been that he might (while using well the profession of physick, for other's relief and his own subsistence), fall upon some special sedative to pain, whereby a man should 'scape suffering for the space when an arm or leg might, of necessity, be lopped.

This discovery he believed he had almost come upon, and the thought did much pleasure him. The lawyer was something vexed that his friend did not try a wider field than the small town where he lived, for in London, by use of nice discretion, and a little bending to great men's fancies and whims, he would reap both reward and renown.

The doctor smiled, but said only, "It was ever hard for me to bend in that way, and I fear the success thou speakest of would cost me more than I care to pay; besides crowding from my mind this pain sedative I hope to find. Renown, my friend, is indeed sweet; and what I would have of it is that it might be said of me living (or haply after death), 'his discovery hath saved pain to thousands, and oft stayed the hand of death.' But let not our talk rest on me farther, for I see thou art far yet from sweet content; yet hast thou honourably won fortune in thy profession, and of late years hast, by thy pleasing powers in great speeches, and nice management with men, gained high place in the state. Once or twice, however, I have noted, in this later climbing, thou hast swallowed some convictions harder than my worst pills, and made such doubles and turns as we should count spasms in our profession.

Was the special success, when won, always worth this hard swallowing of conviction? Is not thy want of content the best answer? I would warn thee, therefore, dream not that final content shall come by another step upward, if gained by such hard swallowing.

This is more preaching than I e'er did before (for I practice, and mean not to preach), so take my sermon as an exception, out of special friendship to thee. Now (in thine own law term) 'I rest my case.'"

Still others coming (as these went), I saw it was the lord and yeoman, this last being tenant

of the former, tilling one of his largest farms. Their discourse was very pleasant to hear, if not so lively as some before. It was of crops, and how best to raise them; of breeding cattle and sheep; with some talk, too, about books that the lord had lent for the reading of the yeoman and his family. It came to me then that this tenant was better used than the merchant's; and that all lords were not oppressors, fops, or fools, as the smith had been told, and was almost ready to believe.

Next came close to me the scholar and bishop (both men of much learning), in close argument as to the best use that study might be put. The bishop did hold, with some show of reason, that the scholar ill-used the great learning (that had become his as fruit of hard study), by closeting it and himself so much. It was like to become a matter of mere gathering and hoarding knowledge, as a miser might his money, none richer but himself. For study of books that other men have made, if not used to get nearer the men or things related of, served poorly its purpose. "Leave thy books awhile, and study man and nature more at first hand, and beware a scholar's selfishness; one of the worst kinds. Then write a book thyself, to warn other scholars to be liberal with their stores."

The scholar did allow some danger in putting mere learning above other means of educating, but did now give the bishop some ideas of what he deemed his own shortcomings. "Thou reliest too much on forms, symbols, gaudy vest-

true humility, because some did ape it; and called all priests wolves, because some had ravened.

He had been many things in his day, some of which he held to still, but others were now forgotten. He would eat no animal food, being tenderer of their killing than of the feelings of some men; and believing such meat did make men savage (though I have seen gentler than he appeared). He would have none drink good ale and wine, because some had fallen into drunkenness.

I did like better his freedom for slaves, and some other of his contentions, of which he had so many I cannot remember all. I learned that his business was mostly that of straightening out the ways of other men, and that he did call himself a reformer, many present forms ill-suiting him; not that God had done poorly, but men were rooted in evils of their own making. He had great hope of laws to right some of these, if he could arouse enough spirit in men to get them passed (their indifference being his greatest bar and hindrance).

But now a shout went up, as the signal sounded that the weighing was to be had. There was some scramble by a few for the first place, but the bishop, being nearest to the balances, did walk soberly and sedately, yet with an air that the church should be first, until, hearing just behind him the quickening steps (now a run) of the smith and soldier, he, too, hasted a little from his dignity, when, putting

could feel her sharply to crucify and rend his
nerves, and tempted him to the path of treas-
on. Tribonius, so that lifeless, cold and ad-
dict full to a high number, as should weighed
so, that I wonder to wicked was not.

Five crumbling and overthrew did being the
merchant that to the noise, which he obtained
into with much satisfaction, and great assur-
ance of his wealth. Now I perceived that the
weighing angel had placed a gold medal in one
of the balances, and the merchant entered into
the other to weigh it down. To his much
amazement it stirred not, nor did he move the
silver medal, of which he would have stripped
me, but having no power to do any more remain-
ing out of the brass medal, which, perhaps
moving his weight, was poised above his own.

His weight was so prodigious at this extremity,
where he had expected so much, that I should
have answered somewhat, and I did observe
him seeking his own from the words of his ser-
vant, in robbing me under a forgiveness that
might deceive some to think it was good.

But last as he might heighten me into the
other world beneath, and turn outward, so that
it brought to my mind the old saying, of seeing
to keep the outside of the platter clean. Now
in quick reflecting upon the rest and closely I
watched to see what medals they ordered, not
believing some would have been so fitted, for
this or that they were given.

A gold one to the covetous, but goldsmith,
physician, usurer, and treasurer, either can be

the bishop, lawyer, and scholar; and one of brass to the soldier, smith, and merchant (as before said). Bethinking me of the over-busy man, I turned, to see him running, quite out of breath, and knowing the time so scant (the hand almost on the hour), I shouted as loudly as I could, for him to hasten, with which, and the vexation at seeing him just miss the weighing (the signal sounding and the canopy and balances disappearing), I did wake. My wife, in some alarm (for I had roused her with my great shout), did ask who it was I would so hasten?

"Faith," said I, "it was one who was righting so much in others, that he was himself left, for he arrived too late at the weighing!" Then, on telling her I had but dreamed, though it had seemed most real, she bade me tell all to her, lest in the morning it was forgot in parts, as will oft happen. Thus am I now able to write down the dream, for my wife will have it that this may be added at the end of my Journal, by some who shall yet print both.

Having now come to the end of this telling of the dream, my wife said she would much like to know what medal that over-busy man would have received, and asked if I had ever seen any at all like unto him.

"Why, yes," quoth I, "a short space since I did see one who would right many things for thee and all poor women; for it would seem ye are in bonds of servitude and subjection to us men, having few rights, indeed; a state most pitiful."

"And how may this want of rights, be righted?" said she.

"There," saith I, "seemeth to be the trouble; for he findeth so many content, in happy homes, that it is difficult to rouse them for the others, which discontented ones are too few to help him much. 'Tis owing to ignorance, bred of long years' hard serving, that most should be so cold in this, he says, but he hopes to enlighten them with some good laws (if he may get them passed), so that they may yet know their state."

"Indeed," said my wife, "this must be a great thing to know, and ponder on, and I fear me I must leave many petty things (as baking and brewing, thy mending and darning, and my little chickens just hatched out, so pretty and soft) to look into these matters. Did this great man say more?"

"The worst of it, he said," answered I, "was how future ages would pity you women of today, for this ignorant servitude and false content."

"It were a pity to cause that pity," said she, "and I do believe it should be righted, if that busy man of thy dream (or the one out of it) may find the time for us. Yet in this righting beg him not to make us women too much like you men, for some of your unlikeness we like right well, and some servitudes of yours to us must still be held even if we are freed of ours to you. But indeed I should not flout this busy dreamer so much; and tell me now what thou deemest the worst wrong that he would right."

"Gaming," said I, "the hope of gain by chance, without toil; the getting of something for nothing; of all things the hardest to rid from the blood and out of men's weak heads. 'Tis most confusing to the understanding, coming in so many forms; not dice alone, but betting, the offering of prizes by our merchants (tempting the poor to buy, not for necessity, but the prize,) —and countless other ways. Gaming at its worst is most cruel, and always selfish (as willing to gain on others' loss); and many will so miscall honour as to pay a gaming debt, while letting honest men starve for their pay."

"Indeed," said my wife, "if he can set that right, his rudeness may be forgiven, and he should have that best golden medal."

"Which of my dream men dost thou like best?" then queried I.

"That doctor," said she, "whose aim was most unselfish; but tell me, could such a deadener of pain ever be found? for I have watched by some poor souls in agony so great that my heart did ache to see it."

"No doubt," I answered, "it may yet be, and other great things; the shortening of passages by sea and land, going through the air, or solid mountains, and machines that shall do our toil much quicker and cheaper than our hands."

"Those will be busy times," sighed she, "and the thought, even, of the noise and bustle then, doth somewhat bewilder me; but I hope in all this proud achievement man will not forget aught of that greatest good which God gave

him (being part of Himself), His love. That holds through all, and is so great it can not be weighed on the dream balances, or any beside. It hath, too, so many kinds or qualities (all good): foremost, God's love to man; then that kind called charity, that has too little use among men; and, again, that between man and woman (as mine to thee, dear heart); and that of us both to those who shall, haply, read these pages; for thou hast my leave to call them dear!"

So (the dream, and talk of it, being done), I do end this, wishing thee, dear reader (whether man or gentle woman), God speed to a better weighing than the poor man got of whose mishap I told.

JEFFERAY'S ACROSTIC.

THE BEST THINGS.

War—best which justice requireth. How rarely!
Independence—best which, holding its own, helps all.
Love—best shown to God, by love to his children.
Learning—best when used to enlighten others.
Industries—best without fetters of tithes, taxes or guilds.
Arts—best which follow nearest to nature.
Mercies—best oft counted, howe'er low health or purse.

Journeys—best for knowledge, or restoring health.
Europe—best for history of mankind.
Fashion—best in matching grace with simplicity.
Fame—best found in unselfish deeds, and raising others.
Example—best that needeth no help of precept.
Religion—best that liveth by good deeds.
America—best for hopes of freedom.
Youth—best when kept ever so by cheerful faith.

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